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EXCELLENT! We are having it both ways. We are not paying, but we have the assurance of Mr. Roosevelt that we are not defaulting. Everyone is pleased, except the less accommodating Congressmen. The British taxpayer is pleased because he is paying so little—even the ten million dollars of token money, being paid in silver, costs us less than it looks as if it were costing. The Indian Government is well suited; it has, in any case, to sell a similar amount of its excess of silver every year. The silver interests of the United States are equally pleased; the dead silver is transferred direct to America without the usual depression of the silver market caused by the annual sale of Indian silver. And so far as it goes we all ought to be pleased that a temporary accommodation has been reached without ill-humour. But we shall be deluding ourselves if we imagine that we are any closer to cancellation. We still acknowledge the debt and Congress, which says the last word, shows no signs of changing its mind.

Can Anything be Done at the Conference?

This agreement not to begin the Economic Conference by quarrelling about debts has naturally taken the chill off the atmosphere of the Geological Museum, South Kensington. Everyone knows that real economic improvement depends on the success of conversations between the United States, England and France. The very open diplomacy of the crowded Conference is quite unsuitable to the serious discussion of currency and tariff problems. The public speeches are mainly platitudinous and only important in so far as they give an indication of the policies which Governments really want to pursue. Unfortunately, we cannot be sure that they even do that. Thus Mr. Cordell Hull, who is a nineteenth-century Liberal in his economic philosophy, spoke with obvious sincerity about the need for tariff reductions and other forms of international co-operation. In so doing, he certainly represents the views of the President Roosevelt, who six months ago made the speeches which have been published in book form under the title of *Looking Forward* (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Since then all the indications are that his Brain Trust regards the Conference as almost certain to fail—that is the clear implication of Professor Moley's frequent speeches—and that preparations are being made in the United States, as they are in most other countries, for an intensification of economic nationalism when the Conference ends. The pessimism that still hangs about the Conference now that the speech-making is over and the two General Commissions on monetary and economic questions are being formed, is largely due to the consciousness among the delegates that this fundamental division of philosophies is likely to bring their best intentions to nought. But, since no international action ever takes place until the situation is desperate, an optimist might interpret the very gloom of the delegates as a good sign.

Austria and Germany at Grips

The quarrel between Austria and Germany has now developed into an orgy of terrorism and reprisals. At the beginning of the week the Austrian Nazis began bombing and shooting at Innsbruck and elsewhere in the Tyrol, and the campaign of outrage spread to Vienna itself. The Government took immediate and strong action, closing "Brown Houses" up and down the country, arresting hundreds of Storm Troop leaders and students, and mobilising a large force of police, armed with rifles and machine guns, in Vienna. Nor have the arrests been confined to Austrian subjects; a number of German agitators have been rounded up, and amongst them is the notorious Herr Habicht. This worthy is a member of the German Reichstag and had been given the post of Press Attaché at the German Legation in Vienna. In that capacity immunity was claimed for him, but the Austrian Government, who know all about him, steadily refused the claim. Herr Hitler's reply is the expulsion from Germany of the Chief of the Press Department in the Austrian Legation at Berlin—an action which, since this official has been recognised by the Germans as a member of the diplomatic corps, has roused a storm of protest. Dr. Dollfuss's spirited fight against the German aggression has not only turned him into an Austrian hero; it has made him a European figure. But, as our Vienna correspondent shows on another page of this issue, he has still to win the fight.

Hitler and the Catholics

Meanwhile the German Nazis have not yet slaked their thirst for blood at home. The breaking up of the Catholic Congress at Munich was an outrage of the first magnitude; and it was the more wanton in that the assemblage was entirely unconcerned with politics, and the more audacious in that prominent members of the Government, such as Herr von Papen, were among the delegates, and the Chancellor himself had given it his approval and blessing. Apologies have since been tendered and punishment of the guilty more or less promised; but the Catholics are by no means placated, and they are not likely to be until Herr Hitler shows that he is able to control his hooligans. The Roman Church is a formidable antagonist, as everyone who has crossed swords with it has found. Mussolini succeeded in crushing out the Partito Popolare, the Catholic political party in Italy, but he found it expedient to make a Concordat with Rome. Hitler has disposed with even less difficulty of the Centre Party in Germany; but an immense host of the Catholics—probably the majority of them—only pay lip service to his regime. It may be that he, too, like other great men in history, will have to make the journey to Canosa.

A "Voluntary" Levy

Maintaining a large unofficial army is bound to be an expensive business. Signor Mussolini found it so with his Blackshirts; and he resorted to the big Italian employers for heavy subsidies to keep his forces in being. Herr Hitler with true German thoroughness is now taking steps to collect a "voluntary" levy in aid of the Nazi party funds from every German employer, banker, wholesale and retail trader, and even small master-craftsman. This levy is to be proportionate to the total wages bill, with a minimum for self-employers, and special higher rates for bankers and traders whose ability to pay is held to be good. That anyone will refuse to pay this "voluntary" levy does not seem likely; for the man who does not pay is to be subjected to unofficial visits by Nazi collectors. The implied threat is likely to be quite sufficient to ensure compliance, except perhaps among the peasants, who are reported as objecting to their inclusion in the scheme. Herr Hitler will in this way put an unofficial tax on all German consumers, over and above the official taxes levied by the Reich and the Lände. The Brownshirts will get their pay, and be kept loyal to the new regime, and the authority of the Nazis over big business will be further affirmed. Once again, Hitlerism has learnt Signor Mussolini's lesson, and gone much farther than the master ever ventured to go.

Azaña Comes Back

The political crisis in Spain was not unexpected. Señor Azaña, the Prime Minister, has done so much, and done it so vigorously, that he was bound to make a host of enemies from the extreme Right to the extreme Left. The municipal elections a couple of months ago showed a considerable feeling against him, but he ignored it and carried on. Last week the President of the Republic (who has been worried by the spread of discontent, and, as a Catholic, has disliked the severity of recent anti-clerical measures) announced that the Cabinet no longer had his confidence. Señor Azaña promptly resigned, and it was supposed that the Socialist regime was done for. But efforts to form a Government of a different complexion broke down, and Señor Prieto, one of the outgoing Socialist Ministers, was called upon to try his hand. This he was loth to do; he wanted Señor Azaña again, and he succeeded in putting on such pressure as to get him back. And so to the general surprise not merely does Amurath to Amurath succeed, but the old Amurath returns, with a Cabinet in which there is a reshuffle of offices and only two new men—one a Catalan who replaces another Catalan, the other a representative of the Federal Party with a Left Wing bias. This is a victory for the Socialists and a personal triumph for Señor Azaña. The effect on public opinion remains to be seen.

The Forty-hour Week

The Conference of the International Labour Organisation has duly shelved the proposal for a general forty-hour working week, by postponing it for a full year instead of agreeing to call an emergency conference to deal with it. The employers' group was practically solid against the proposal, except the delegate of the Italian employers; and the opposition was powerfully reinforced by the unholy alliance of the British and German Governments, which both took up a strongly hostile attitude to the proposal. The French Government, on the other hand, is strongly in favour of it, and there is a good deal of support from the Governments of the smaller States. Japan, however, is opposed; and with the British, German and Japanese Governments hostile, there is obviously no chance of any workable convention being adopted at present. The workers' group, except the German Nazi delegate, is solidly in favour, provided wage-rates remain intact; but the workers are helpless when the employers have the support of the Governments of several of the leading industrial States. Thus on one more occasion Great Britain has played a thoroughly reactionary part in the affairs of the I.L.O., so keeping up the record for constant obstruction which she established by blocking the Washington Hours Convention in the early post-war years. In this matter, as Lord Trent showed in a remarkable speech at the annual meeting of Boots, Ltd., some of the more enlightened employers are a long way ahead of the Government.

The Morgan Scandal

The Senate investigation of J. P. Morgan and Company is both funny and important. On the comic side may be mentioned the revelation that the present Secretary of the Treasury, on being offered his very private chance to buy securities at lower than the market value, was filled with such exaltation that he closed his letter of acceptance to the Morgan Company with the phrase, "May God bless you." It is only fair to add that Mr. Woodin was not at that time holding, or contemplating, public office. A more serious feature of the investigation is the fact that among the dozens of men involved in public affairs who were offered these barefaced favours only one, to date, appears to have refused—one man valued his pride and dignity above this legal and inconspicuous chance to lift some money from the gutter. For it is impossible to imagine that anyone thought he was being offered such lucrative favours for the sheer beauty of his face or character. The favours must have been accepted either with the intention of paying for them if the chance arose, or else of refusing to pay for them. In either case, the recipient's morals would look a little shady. The best feature of the investigation is the spirit in which it is received by the country. A few years ago there would have been a widespread feeling that since the Morgan partners had been clever enough to keep within the letter of the law, but still to become (or to remain) very rich, they were clearly a group of super-men. To-day they are seen in something closer to their proper colours. At the same time, the type of international finance which they represent is sinking into deeper disrepute—a fact of importance to those who believe that America can be induced to return to the system of loan-built foreign trade. Morgan and Company is one of the most honourable and careful firms in American high finance. Among the firms to which the Senate Committee is soon to turn its attention is one which, during the great days of Harding and Coolidge, had the reputation in New York of being the shadiest thing that had yet been seen. The world's somewhat callous conscience may have a new shock yet.

The Betting Report.

The report of the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting, a stout blue book of 180 pages, was published at the end of last week. It has not made such a stir as the interim report which appeared at the height of the dog-tote uproar; but it is full of interest for the social student as well as for those directly affected by its recommendations. These recommendations, since the field covered is wide, are naturally many and complicated, and we can only note the principal ones. The Commission are, in general, impressed by the grave evils resulting from the prevalence of gambling in its various forms, and they propose substantial restrictions. On-the-course betting should be limited by forbidding the management of any track to have an interest in it, and racing on any track should be confined to 100 days in the year. This is a direct hit at dog-racing. As regards off-the-course betting, bookmakers should be registered and their advertising restricted; cash betting by post, on the other hand, should be made legal. Lotteries (except of the small private type) should not be legalised; if any are, they should only be State lotteries for the benefit of the Exchequer. Newspaper competitions for the forecasting of sporting events should be banned, and it should be illegal to give a prize of more than £100 in competitions which are not competitions of skill. There is evidently plenty of matter in all this for disagreement and wrangling, and we do not fancy that the Government will have a happy time in the drafting and carrying of a new Bill.

A Very British Retort

The M.C.C.'s reply to Australia is the most typically British document that has come from this country for some time. To suggest that there can have been anything unsportsmanlike about English cricket methods is in itself an outrage to the proprieties. It is the batsmen's own fault if they get in the way of fast bumping balls: "The present habit of batsmen who move in front of their wicket with the object of gliding straight balls to leg tends to give the impression that the bowler is bowling at the batsmen, especially in the case of a fast bowler, when the batsman mistimes the ball and is hit." Thus regardless alike of grammar and sentiment, English sportsmanship is defended in the manner and spirit which we have learnt to call Palmerstonian. The Australians, of course, do not like it; cricketers and newspapers angrily reply that the M.C.C. was not there to see Larwood, that "body-line bowling" is the right name for his bowling, and that the "barracking," of which the M.C.C. complains, is the natural reaction of spectators who do not care to see their team knocked about. If the M.C.C. wants to stop the matches it can—and much more to the same effect. Honour being thus vindicated on both sides, we expect to see the controversy quiet down. The M.C.C. is not really as uncompromising as it sounds. It will watch during this season to see if objectionable bowling does take place, and, we may infer, consider what can be done about a type of bowling which, whatever view we take of it, does certainly have the effect of spoiling cricket. Larwood's defence (see his *Body-line Bowling*) certainly suggests that something very unlike cricket has entered the game, and when a cricketer so great as Jack Hobbs saw something contrary "to the spirit of cricket" (see his *Fight for the Ashes*) there must be something amiss. Perhaps it would not be impertinent to point out that though cricket may have become a religion in England and a business in Test matches, that is no reason why a sense of humour should not be retained in both.

DEMOCRATS AND DICTATORS

THE Labour Party, we are told—in accents of warning, dismay or glee, as the case may be—is rent by a monstrous schism. It is divided, in fact, into the defenders of democracy and the apostles of dictatorship. On the one side are the Party Executive and the Trade Union Congress, with Mr. Citrine as fugleman; on the other Sir Stafford Cripps, the Socialist League and the "Bloomsbury intelligentsia." Mr. Citrine talks of "the untimely and politically inept propaganda carried on by an unofficial group," and suggests ominous comparisons with Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Pilsudski. The Tories, in the role of Satan rebuking sin, lecture the conspirators against the Constitution—an attitude which Mr. Citrine, at least, should regard with suspicion, for he can hardly have forgotten that they made the same sort of charges against him and his organisation at the time of the general strike in 1926, and again in the political crisis of 1931. Meanwhile millions of ordinary intelligent men are puzzled to know what all the pother is about.

To us this dictatorship scare appears the veriest bugaboo. We hold no brief for the Socialist League, but we are bound to say, in the interests of truth and sanity, that we can find no evidence that either the Socialist League, or any of those who are put in the dock with it, disbelieves in democracy or is threatening to destroy it. They may, like other controversialists, have used unwise phrases on occasion. But their proposals, if studied fairly, have singularly little to do with dictatorship and a great deal to do with democracy. They are based on certain assumptions, which, so far as we are aware, are universally accepted in the Labour movement. The first is that the Labour Party stands for Socialism—not for Communism but for Social democracy. The second is that the last Labour Government, whatever excuses may be found for it, was a signal failure; it got nowhere with the task of advancing Socialism, and it clung to the shadow and ignored the substance of democracy. The third assumption is that the next Labour Government must do very much better—from the point of view both of Socialism and of democracy. Sir Stafford Cripps and his friends do not envisage the seizure of power by a minority, nor the flouting of Parliament, nor the beating up of opponents, nor any of the methods of violence which are the marks of dictatorship. On the contrary they assume that, after the Labour Party has laid its programme fully and frankly before the country, it will some day be given a substantial majority at the polls, and that then, when it takes office, it will be its business to carry out the will of the electorate. Obviously there is no question of dictatorship in that.

But since the programme aims at a fundamental economic and social change, opposition, and intense opposition, must be expected, and it is the merest common sense to be prepared to meet, and so far as possible to forestall, that opposition. It is at this point that the terriers of democracy begin to smell the dictatorial rat. But the rat turns out to be a chimera of the imagination. A Labour Government, with a parliamentary majority and intent on carrying its measures, is confronted by two obstacles—the House of Lords and the cumbrous machinery of the House of Commons, with all the opportunities it offers for checks and delays in the passing of laws and for the sabotaging of them outside when they have been passed. The attitude of the House of Lords and the use which the Tories would make of it against any far-reaching measures of reform are no secret. Nor is there any secret about the policy of the Labour Party—and of many Liberals, too, for that matter—in regard to the House of Lords; it wants ending or mending, and preferably ending. Is there, then, anything undemocratic, or anything novel, in the proposal that a Labour Government should, on taking office, secure guarantees from the King that he will exercise his right to create Peers if it should be necessary to overcome resistance from the House of Lords? Why should not a Socialist Prime Minister to-day ask for and get from George V what Lord Grey asked for and got from William IV a century ago? That quite plainly is not dictatorship. It is perfectly constitutional, and, what is more, it is the only way in which in the last resort democracy can protect itself against the oligarchy that snuggles behind the British Constitution. Democracy, like Mesopotamia, is a blessed and comfortable word; but it has somewhat different meanings in Westminster and in Whitechapel, in Lombard Street and in Lancashire. If there is a danger of dictatorship, it does not come from the proletariat or the intelligentsia, but from the bourgeoisie, the vested interests of land, finance, and industry. To provide that the House of Lords shall not be used by those interests to thwart a parliamentary majority, and thus to bilk the electorate, is not merely legitimate, it is an imperative necessity.

The other proposal on which the critics have fastened is the passing of an Emergency Powers Bill. The case for that has been put summarily by Sir Stafford Cripps. "With a Socialist Government," he says, "a far higher *tempo* of legislation will be required than any yet achieved in this country. The changes to be brought about are so far-reaching and all-inclusive that their legislative elaboration must take time even if the most efficient means are adopted. With the present machinery the necessary legislation would take centuries to pass." This is evident enough to any student of politics, and we need not dwell on it here. For our present purpose there are two points to be noted. In the first place it is not suggested that the Government should take Emergency Powers without leave, but that they should be voted by Parliament in a perfectly constitutional way. Secondly, an Emergency Powers Act, and procedure by Orders in Council, Provisional Orders and the rest, are not a Socialist invention nor an untried method. Capitalist Governments have used it, and the present "National Government" has amplified the precedents. If Mr. MacDonald and his Conservative Cabinet are not "dictators" when they change the whole fiscal system without even a clear mandate from the country for doing so, would a Labour Government be behaving improperly if it nationalised the banks by the same procedure after announcing its intention to do so in its election manifesto? And if a Conservative House of Commons can give Major Elliot large powers to control the farmers and reorganise agriculture, why should not a Socialist House of Commons do the same for Dr. Addison or whoever the Minister may be?

What Sir Stafford Cripps and his friends propose, in fact, is to carry on a practice which is already firmly established, and to label this dictatorship is bunkum. In the working out and administering of the complicated measures which are demanded in the modern State, parliamentary discussion of, and control over, every detail is virtually impossible. In the still more complicated business of transforming a capitalist society into a Socialist society, it would be absolutely impossible. That does not mean, however, that parliamentary responsibility would be relegated to limbo, or that the House of Commons would have nothing to do but twiddle its thumbs and watch the Executive at work. Indeed, we may suppose that with a Labour Government in power, there would be drastic parliamentary reforms which would give private Members plenty to do and greatly increase their present diminished importance. In one set of circumstances only does Sir Stafford Cripps hint at the possibility of a Socialist dictatorship, and that is in the case of unconstitutional action by the opposite side. But this can hardly be said to stamp him as a Bolshevik ; for if the action in question were peaceful, he suggests that the dictatorship should merely be temporary, until the matter could again be put to the test at the polls. And if it were violent—if, that is to say, it took the form of open rebellion—then any Government would naturally behave " dictatorially."

What on earth is it, then, that has set Transport House at such violent odds with Sir Stafford Cripps and his friends ? That there may be differences of opinion about this or that item in the Labour programme, as well as about electoral tactics, we can understand. But we cannot see any ground for charges of betraying democracy or aiming at dictatorship, and we hope that Mr. Lansbury's plain repudiation at March last Tuesday of all such charges, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, will put an end to this unprofitable controversy. Socialists, whether of the Right or the Left, have a much more urgent task on hand—they have to persuade the electorate to give them a majority for Socialism.

CHANCELLOR TOM THUMB

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN VIENNA]

THAT Nazi Germany should absorb Austria has been clearly vetoed by many Powers other than France to-day ; this has, I suppose, been recognised by the Wilhelmstrasse in signing the Four Power Pact, and the public rejoicings organised by Signor Mussolini are not difficult to comprehend. Yet if our local Nazis could climb into authority here Germany's renunciation would lose its significance, for Berlin could then dictate the whole policy of Vienna.

The first words I heard in Austria were " Heil, Hitler ! " from a group of boys selling the German Government's *Völkische Beobachter*.* But that was in Salzburg on the German frontier ; if there were to be elections in Austria to-day I do not believe that Austria would go quite the way of Danzig. Considering the notoriously uneconomic and desperate circumstances of post-war Austria, this is rather an extraordinary fact, and must be partly explained by the incompetence of the local Nazi leaders, such as Frauenfeld and Habicht. Nowhere can there have been better material for Nazi propagandists, with salaries falling and jobs vanishing in order that the budget shall be balanced—in order, that is to say, that the heavy interest on foreign loans conditioned by France shall be paid. What better target could there be than Vienna, the Socialist citadel and the refuge, since the war, of hundreds of Galician Jews ? The Hitler Government followed up the tempestuous effects of their own spring to power not only by the Frank visit, but also by a calculated attack upon the Austrian countryside. By virtually prohibiting their own nationals from taking their holidays in Austria they hoped to destroy the shaken loyalty of precisely the most Nazi provinces, Salzburg and the Tirol, where Germans have hitherto provided about four-fifths of the foreign visitors. The Nazis, both German and Austrian, are, moreover, trying to discourage other travellers from coming to Austria by implications, in their press and elsewhere, that Austria is in a far more unsettled condition than is really the case.

It is probably true to say that the result of the German offensive has been to create a queer little national revival in Austria under queer little Chancellor Dollfuss. Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss became Chancellor in a perfectly constitutional manner in May 1932. He had been Minister of Agriculture since March 1931 in the Ender and Buresch Cabinets, and was willing, where Buresch was not, to head a coalition of his own Christian Social (Clerical) Party with the reactionary Heimwehr at a time when Seipel, the veteran leader of the Clericals, was within three months of his death. Of the deputies elected in November 1930, sixty-six were Christian Socialists and eight Heimwehr ; this gave Dollfuss eighty-three supporters if the Landbund (nine deputies) came with him. The opposition consisted of seventy-two Social Democrats and 10 Schober Nationalists, who have since become Nazis. Thus the Landbund had the key position, and the Government a doubtful majority of one. It was not, therefore, supposed that the Dollfuss Cabinet would achieve longevity, still less fame, and until March 4th, 1933, Dollfuss carried on an undistinguished, if determined, struggle. On March 4th, however, when all eyes were fixed on Berlin, Dollfuss slipped, quite fortuitously it seems, into a temporary dictatorship (three weeks before Hitler's dictatorship was sanctioned by the Reichstag). There was a squabble over procedure ; the President of the Austrian Chamber and both vice-presidents resigned, and the Government gladly declared that the Chamber could not be recalled. This was all just in time for Dollfuss to assume very gracefully the role of defender of brave little Austria against the big bully beyond Salzburg ; he has, in fact, slipped into the position of a David facing Goliath, and no one would seem to enjoy his newly assumed heroism more thoroughly than he. The Government is organising a " Dollfuss for Austria " campaign ; early in May the *Vaterländische Front* was founded, to fight for order at home and independence abroad. Meetings are held at which a breathless Chancellor, just back from Rome and off to London, trips charmingly on to the platform to the tune of the National Anthem (unfortunately the same as *Deutschland über alles*) ; everyone springs to their feet as he appears, the women wave enthusiastic handkerchiefs ; a pamphlet biography of the heroic Tom Thumb is distributed, complete with photographs of his peasant mother and accounts of how " der kleine Engel " lisped in his peasant cradle. The Chancellor explains in stirring tones that his haste must be forgiven, for deeds are greater than words ; he boasts—but not disagreeably—of a newly balanced budget and stabilised currency, and a Concordat just arranged with the Vatican.

What, inside of Austria, are the real forces behind this " Dollfuss for Austria " movement ? The Chancellor is supported by the Catholic Church (which in Austria has no Protestant rival), by a large section of the middle class, and, it is probably true to say, by the peasants of Upper and Lower Austria and of Carinthia. Some of the more liberal of his own Christian Social Party, such as Buresch, now Finance Minister, and Miklas, the President of the Austrian Republic, would be glad to take an early path back from Emergency Decrees to constitutionalism, but the Heimwehr ministers are through with Parliamentary methods. The Heimwehr, which may be said to date from the Red rising in Vienna in 1927, is in a way the Stahlhelm of Austria. It is enthusiastically organising the *Vaterländische Front*, and is calling for a return to pre-war flags and uniforms. An Austrian Stahlhelm arouses all the hopes of the old aristocracy which surrounded the Hapsburg throne. This aristocracy detests and despises

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* This paper has since been forbidden in Austria.

Prussian brutality; it hopes that Austria under a new Hapsburg will reunite the Danubian lands and block the *Mittel Europa* policy of the Pan-Germans or Nazis. To these groups must be added as supporters of Dollfuss many independently thinking people, who regard his Government as the best defence, in the circumstances, of uncoercive principles and the old German tradition of civilisation, against the intellectual slavery to which the new *Machtpolitik* condemns the Germans of the Reich.

Here it becomes obvious that the relation of Dollfuss to the Social Democrats is of first-rate importance. They were the largest party in the Chamber, and they can point to a magnificent achievement in Viennese housing and social welfare since the war. Unlike their German comrades, they have despised compromises with capitalism, and have therefore been spared a Communist stab in the back. For Communism has never developed on any scale here; no Communist deputies were elected in 1930, and the recent suppression of the Communist Party means very little. Yet, although Vienna gave Dr. Frank a good look at the pure Red Flag, the Socialists know that for the moment they have been outmanoeuvred. They were always an *Anschluss* party until Germany's "National Resurgence," and their conversion to Austrian independence is a tardy and embarrassing one. Where once Dollfuss could be attacked as enslaving Austria in the interests of international capital, he is now the most obvious bulwark against Hitler, the destroyer of Social Democracy. The Socialist rank and file are disappointed that the dismissal of Parliament and the dissolution of the Socialist Schutzbund were not answered by a general strike—there may not be as good an occasion again. All the inevitable indignation of the countryside peasants and *hôteliers* against slump conditions is easily directed by the Government and the Nazis against the Socialists of the city. Meanwhile the Socialists are powerless to help their own people; unemployment relief is, for instance, entirely in the hands of the federal, not the local, authorities, and never much above a starvation level. At the end of two years it comes entirely to an end. The Socialists are aware that if they do not themselves make a coalition with Dollfuss he may one fine day invite two or three Nazis to join his Cabinet; if the German precedent is reliable that should be avoided at all costs. It is a wretched dilemma, for the vigilant censorship of the press, and the Government tendency to facilitate overtime and to insist upon Catholic morality, proclaim Dollfuss as indubitably reactionary.

Everyone in Austria is waiting for the autumn now, and so the tension of the spring is appreciably relieved. Though you may hear little boys in the streets of Vienna singing those edifying songs about the blood of Jews, the wealthier Jews themselves seem no longer to be smuggling their money into Switzerland. What with the prestige of Dollfuss and the humiliation of the gold dollar, it is no longer unthinkable to sell Swiss francs and buy Austrian schillings. A considerable sum is to be spent on road repairing by the unemployed, and an internal loan is to be floated and is well spoken of, since it should attract a good deal of idle money whose investment abroad a host of restrictions have forbidden.

It is clear that Hitler and Dollfuss are running a slow race for economic collapse. Dollfuss hopes for a Hitler fiasco in the autumn, which would make his own task comparatively simple; its imminence is declared by all the Austrian newspapers which wish to stand well with the Government. Berlin does what it can to promote Austria's economic ruin and political disintegration upon the sound assumption that if Dollfuss cannot continue to make good—and here again next autumn will be critical—the Austrian Nazis will get their way. They have good material in the corruption scandals associated with the Clericals and the high salaries of the League officials in Vienna. The Styrian Heimwehr has openly gone over to the Nazis, and no one can tell how many Nazis conceal themselves in the police force, and even, it may be, in the army. Many Government officials are obviously playing for safety lest the Nazis arrive, and they laugh at the oath which Dollfuss has forced them to swear. When the universities partially reopened to-day the Nazi students made trouble, and the Government may yet decide upon the suppression of the National Socialists; this measure hung in the balance all last week, and various disturbances yesterday, especially the attempts upon Rintelen in Styria and Steidle in the Tirol, will have brought it nearer again. Meanwhile, the Austrian movement is hampered by the easy-goingness of the Austrians, and the difficulty of evoking an enthusiastic nationalism around international characteristics. It remains true, however, that the independence of Austria and its tradition of civilisation are hanging in the balance; an influx of foreign tourists, or generous loans from abroad, may chance to weigh down the scales in favour of Dollfuss. E. W.

Vienna, June 12th

A LONDON DIARY

A FRIEND just over from France describes his surprise at entering a well-known Paris café and finding it full of Germans. A newsvendorwas doing a hot trade selling the *Gegenangriff*, the counter paper to the Nazi's ferocious *Angriff*. The French have been sensible in this matter of refugees. There are now some 25,000 in France. Czechoslovakia is entertaining 6,000 (including many whose offence is political rather than racial) and Switzerland 7,000. Even Spain has opened its doors. England, which enriched its life by welcoming the Huguenots and won a world reputation as the home of freedom by giving shelter to men like Mazzini, Marx, Kossuth and Kropotkin, now remains shut against all but the safe and the well-to-do. I believe that the Government would gain greatly in popularity by relaxing the alien restrictions. I do not think it is yet true that England has become a mean country which thinks nothing of freedom. Those who are inclined to pooh-pooh the stories of cruelty in Germany, and who do not realise the need for relief, should read Miss Wilkinson's carefully compiled and excellently written pamphlet *The Terror in Germany*. It is written on behalf of the British Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism (Anglo House, 1 Litchfield Street, W.C.2). It costs threepence.

* * *

I hear that the Die-hards, who are trying to split the Conservative Party on the Indian issue, are doing their best to get hold of Lord Salisbury. They want the solidity and authority of his great name and prestige: Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd provide push rather than weight. In spite of all their efforts, when it comes to a show-down and Mr. Baldwin makes his speech to the assembled Conservative candidates, I expect him to win hands down. No one is better than Mr. Baldwin at speeches about trusting "the man at the wheel," and not "letting down your captain" (metaphor from cricket or ship as the case may be). A public school training makes an appeal of that kind quite irresistible.

* * *

In Persia the main activity of the Imperial Arsenal was until recently the manufacture of fireworks. The chief use of our fighting forces now seems to be the production of tournaments, pageants and tattoos. Aesthetically the effects achieved are often superb—it is a Reinhardt's dream to have thousands of supers who can be punished for any error at rehearsals. But are not these elaborate advertisements of the pageantry of war a little misleading? Bacteria, unlike savages, are quite unalarmed by the spectacular properties of scarlet and pipeclay and bearskins. At the Aldershot Tattoo the Omdurman episode was a particular success, as the account in the *Observer* shows.

> The British troops having begun a disarmament conference of their own by disarming and slaying what are called in the drill book their "semi-civilised opponents," the unfortunate Dervishes littered the ground in their hundreds.

This was followed by many thousand of voices singing "Abide with Me." The civilians present sang, with the same fervour that they show at Cup-ties, the line "Hold Thou Thy Cross before my dying eyes." As they will be the first victims in the next war the hymn seemed appropriate enough. The Navy this year is also now producing a pageant, at Greenwich, so that the representatives of the nations of the world, who are here for the Conference, will be able to appreciate the strength of this country in every department of warfare. But at the Hendon Air Pageant, I understand, the usual fine *finale* of a bombardment is to be omitted. Our unsurpassed bombers will drop nothing but medical supplies and food.

* * *

Could not the League of Nations Union organise a rival tattoo of its own, "Slaughter through the Ages,"—David collecting the hundred Philistine foreskins which Saul insisted on as a dowry for his daughter; the Assyrians cutting out the tongues and eyeballs of their captives; Genghis and Timur making pyramids of human heads; the Black Prince sacking Beauvais; the devastation of the Palatinate in the Thirty Years War; the retreat from Moscow; the burning of the Summer Palace at Peking, the Japanese bombing Shanghai; a gas attack in the last war; and an anthrax bombardment in the next one? Limbs for scattering could be had very cheaply in papier mâché, if ordered in bulk, and they could be reclothed in the picturesque costumes appropriate to each episode. Schoolchildren to be given free tickets, the Prime Minister to lend the necessary troops and aeroplanes, and the proceedings to terminate with "Fight the Good Fight."

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George, we learn, liked to talk of the trivial accidents that have changed the course of history. He could hardly expect to find a better example than one related of Lord Carson by Lord Riddell. In the days of the Conservative Government which died in 1905, Lord Halsbury offered the headship of the Divorce and Admiralty Division to Sir Edward Carson. He mentioned it to Balfour, then, of course, Prime Minister. "I suppose," said he, "the days of the Ministry are numbered. The avidity of the lawyers for position is usually a sure sign!" Sir Edward Carson implied that he declined the offer because of Balfour's typically contemptuous comment, to which, one may guess, an "F. E.," a Jowitt or a Simon would have paid no attention. Halsbury, most illustrious of the old Die-hards, might have been a supreme benefactor to his country and the world. No Carson in the field between 1910 and 1914: that is, perhaps, no rebel Ulster, no Orange Volunteers, no gun-running, no "Provisional Government," no—but why go on? The lost mercy is maddening to think of.

* * *

The best of Lord Riddell's War Diary, as always with such books, is in the scraps of inside history dropped by the way. Here is one. In November, 1915, Kitchener was sent by the Defence Committee on a mission to the Near East:

> R.: I suppose Kitchener will not return to the War Office?
>
> L.G.: No. I am relieved that he has gone. The whole tone of the War Office has changed for the better. Everyone was afraid of him. We could get nothing done.

Many people will remember the sensation made in London that week, when the *Globe* announced precisely that. The old pink evening paper was promptly suspended by the Government. Truth in wartime, as Lord Ponsonby would say.

* * *

One of the few really gay events in connection with the Economic Conference will be two gala performances of the Ballet organised by the Camargo Society at Covent Garden on June 27th and 29th. Most of the grand tier boxes will be at the disposal of Conference delegates, who will attend as guests of the Society. Some tickets will be available for the public at ordinary prices.

* * *

The *Times* reports that at a recent prize-giving the Headmaster said—

> it was their aim to inculcate in boys respect, love and obedience for their parents . . . the students presented the *Barretts of Wimpole Street* last night.

* * *

I am not regarded as a half-wit either in politics and (sic) finance, which are complementary.—A.A.B. in the *Evening Standard.*

It is always a sign of reaction when a layman is appointed to such a post as the government of a great public school; and already there are rumours at Eton of another change which all true Etonians, and indeed all true Englishmen, will deplore, the discontinuance of the Beagles.

So it goes on; first one old institution, and then another, drops out. It seems to be forgotten that our Empire itself ultimately depends on their full maintenance and preservation.—A correspondent in the *Sunday Times.*

* * *

If I could go to God with such a record as our friend I should be indeed proud and grateful. *And when to-morrow at three o'clock the greatest race in the world is being run, Horatio Bottomley, I may say it in God's name, is assured of a place at the end.*—The REV. B. BOURCHIER on the day before the Derby.

* * *

The Bible is the world's best seller. Dean Inge now pleads for a modern version. Why? The moment this misfortune happens the doom of the Bible is sealed, as, of course, it would immediately lose its charm and delightful quaintness "which is hidden from the wise . . . but revealed unto babes."—Letter in *Daily Express.*

* * *

The Rev. F. John Scroggie, of London, said . . . gibes used to be thrown at those who spoke of a visible second coming. "How can everybody on the whole round earth see the Lord when He returns?" But there was no longer that gibe, because we now had television.—Report in provincial paper.

* * *

A Japanese aeroplane landed in Peking this morning for the purpose of conveying the Japanese Army's sympathy with the Chinese over the loss of Chinese life in the recent fighting.—*Times,* June 9th.

CRITIC

GERMANY'S DEBTS

GERMANY proposes a general moratorium on all her external debts, including private, commercial, and industrial obligations and public debts of every kind. This proposal involves the service of the Dawes and Young Loans, as well as the large borrowings of the various States and municipalities between 1924 and 1929. The total sum involved is not easy to calculate with accuracy; but according to the latest estimates, German debtors of one sort and another owe over £400,000,000 to creditors in the United States, over £170,000,000 in Holland, about £135,000,000 in Switzerland, and about £113,000,000 in Great Britain. Of this last, about £53,000,000 consists of long-term and about £60,000,000 of short-term debts—the latter being already "frozen" under the Standstill Agreements.

When, under the Lausanne Agreements, Germany was temporarily relieved—and to all intents and purposes permanently relieved—of the burden of reparations, many people thought that there could be no further difficulty for her in meeting her external debts. It was recognised as necessary to protect the mark against the sudden withdrawal of foreign credits; and the Standstill Agreements were designed to achieve this, while keeping up payment of interest and providing for a gradual repayment of the principal over a period of years. It was hoped that a large part of the foreign credits thus gradually repaid would be replaced by fresh short-term commercial loans, which would be made possible by the safeguarding of German credit under the Lausanne Reparation Agreements and the Standstill Agreements combined. It is true that the Lausanne Agreements were conditional on a settlement of the war debts problem with the United States, and that they have never been ratified; but no attempt has been made to resume the collection of reparations under the Young Plan—a course the futility of which is generally recognised—despite the failure to get the United States to cancel or scale down European debts. Accordingly, it has seemed to most people reasonable to expect the Germans, relieved of the current burden of reparations, to keep up payment on their public and private debts.

What, then, is Germany's excuse for the proposal of a moratorium, with the banks' veiled threat of default as the alternative? Germany's case, as put forward by Dr. Schacht, is that she can no longer afford to pay. The gold and foreign exchange in the possession of the Reichsbank have fallen so low—partly in consequence of the repayment of the credits advanced to Germany by the Bank for International Settlements—that there are no resources which can be drawn upon further for meeting foreign claims. Germany can rely only on the current balance accruing from exports after meeting the cost of necessary imports; and the balance available from this source has fallen very heavily in recent months, even apart from the fact that the volume of German exports has been kept up only by selling large quantities of goods on credit—so that the actual sums coming in to the Reichsbank in foreign currencies have been substantially less than the value of the exports going out of the country, and the available cash balance for meeting foreign claims is correspondingly smaller than the visible balance shown in the trade returns.

The change in the visible balance is large enough, apart from this aggravating factor, to account for a very sharp fall in Germany's ability to meet foreign claims. In 1928 Germany was importing every month goods worth about 200,000,000 Reichsmarks more than her average exports. In 1929 this adverse balance fell to about Rm. 65,000,000. In 1930 it was converted into an export surplus of nearly Rm. 80 millions a month, and in 1931 into a surplus of over Rm. 200 millions a month. But in 1932 the monthly surplus fell again to about Rm. 90,000,000; and in the first three months of the present year the surplus averaged less than Rm. 38 millions, falling further in April to only 19 millions. As against this, Germany's gross foreign debts, which amounted last year to over Rm. 23,000,000,000, must require a monthly interest payment of about Rm. 100 millions, even apart from repayment of capital. Something must be set off against this for German receipts from abroad; but the German export surplus has now obviously fallen far below what is needed if, apart from any reparation payments, the Germans are to meet their recognised commercial and industrial obligations.

In these circumstances it is out of the question for payments to be maintained, except as the result of fresh borrowings from abroad. But from whom is Germany to borrow? It may be urged that she ought to have deferred repayment of the loan granted her by the B.I.S. in order to treat all her foreign creditors alike for a while longer. To do this would not have enabled her to meet her obligations for more than a very short time, in face of the sharp contraction in her export surplus. Her action has doubtless favoured the B.I.S. at the expense of her other creditors; but the B.I.S. would doubtless argue that, as it made the advances only in order to prevent default at an earlier stage, it had a sound preferential claim.

The first question that suggests itself is why the German export surplus has thus sharply fallen off, and whether anything can be done to restore it to what it was in 1931. This is quite impossible. It is true that the fall in German exports has been aggravated by the recent tendency of German economic policy towards extravagantly high agrarian as well as industrial protection. This has caused retaliatory measures in other countries—especially in the agrarian countries whose produce Germany has ceased to buy—for the restriction of imports from Germany. But the restriction of German imports, while it has been aggravated by agrarian protection in the interests of Junkers and peasants, was largely the consequence of an intensive effort to build up an export surplus for meeting the claims of foreign creditors. That policy was effective for a time; and the huge export surplus of 1931 was largely a result of it—for the retaliatory measures against German exports did not develop to any great extent until 1932. The demonstration of the nemesis of the policy of drastic restriction of imports was thus delayed; and it looked for a while as if the Germans could force their exports on the world market without buying other countries' products in return. But in the long run this attempt was bound to break down, and to bring with it the inevitability of a German default.

Germany—as is now generally realised—could only go on paying reparations as long as she was able to import capital on a vast scale from abroad. But it is only just beginning to be understood that her ability, even with reparations out of the way, to pay interest on the capital she has imported is also conditional on her being able to go on borrowing. This might not be true if prices had not fallen, and if world trade as a whole had remained prosperous; for it is not suggested that a country can in no circumstances expand its exports without a corresponding increase in its willingness to buy. But such expansion is possible only under conditions of good trade, and on the assumption that the creditor countries are prepared to increase their imports without a corresponding increase of exports. As none of these conditions exists in the world to-day, it is manifestly out of the question for the Germans to meet foreign claims by means of a surplus of exports. But, as matters stand, there is no other way in which payment can possibly be made. At the end of April the Reichsbank had only Rm. 411 millions of gold, and its holdings of foreign exchange had fallen to under Rm. 100 millions. This holding of foreign exchange is obviously inadequate for the conduct of ordinary trading operations; and the gold holding is virtually mortgaged against certain of the outstanding debts, and is in any case negligible in relation to their total magnitude. Nor would the Germans, in any event, consent to let go their final reserve against the Reichsbank's obligations, of which the note issue alone was in April ten times the size of the gold reserve.

Germany has indeed derived some small benefit from the right to meet her American obligations in depreciated dollars instead of gold values. But this is a mere flea-bite in relation to the deficiency in her available means of payment. To go off the nominal gold standard, so far from helping her, would make her position worse, as long as debts have still to be paid; for it would increase their amount in German currency. There is, in fact, no third alternative to default or to a moratorium which can be only a prelude to a drastic scaling down of the sums owing—unless world prices are to be raised to a level which will make the debts manageable; and of this there is evidently no likelihood in the near future, whatever the World Economic Conference may decide to attempt.

Yet, if Germany does get off her foreign debts, or a large part of them, she will obviously be placed in a highly favourable position for competing with other countries for a share in world trade. The inflation of her currency, and the subsequent repudiation of the greater part of her internal debts, has relieved the German industrialists of a large mass of capital burdens which are weighing more and more heavily on the industrialists of other countries. The repudiation of her internal war debt and the cessation of reparations have relieved the German Budget of heavy charges which taxpayers in other countries have to meet; and if now payments on the foreign capital borrowed since 1924 are to be suspended, or drastically scaled down, the competitive position of German industry is bound to be exceedingly strong. Of course, if only a transfer moratorium is granted, so that the debt payments have still to be accounted for in German currency, this improvement in Germany's competitive position will not arise to the same extent. But, if there is a transfer moratorium, Germany's chief reason for staying on the gold standard disappears; and the pressure for internal reflation in order to finance the Nazi schemes of increased employment and public expenditure is likely to lead before long to currency depreciation, which will again tend to cheapen German exports and increase the severity of German competition in the world market—unless, of course, the World Economic Conference can achieve the miracle of a speedy agreed stabilisation of the relative values of national currencies. In that case, everything depends on what these relative values are to be; but the miracle is so unlikely to be performed in the near future that we can reasonably leave it out of account in considering Germany's immediate economic prospects and policy.

The German demand for a moratorium, to be followed by a scaling down of debt burdens, thus puts the creditor countries in a cleft stick. It is useless to refuse; for the Germans have evidently no means of keeping up their payments. But acceptance is likely to put Germany in a favourable competitive position in relation to creditor countries which are still trying to meet the whole inflated burden of their internal debts. Thus the German default—for that is what it comes to—may easily force the world to a complete reconsideration of the debt problem, including internal and private as well as external and public obligations. And that, as scaling down of the monstrous mountain of world debts is long overdue, may be in the long run not at all a bad thing, however much embarrassment it may cause in the immediate future.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF SPORT

MANY speeches have been made, many articles have been written, in praise of the moral influence of sport. One sometimes begins to wonder whether, if one wished to influence the lives of one's fellows for good, it would be better to become a clergyman or to apply for a job as a cricket coach at a public school. The clergyman can only tell you to play the game: the cricket coach shows you how to do it. "Fair play," "The Team spirit," "May the best man win!"—is not the perfect conduct of life summed up in these phrases? I have seen a politician at an angry election meeting yelling above the din of his yelling audience, "Fair play's a jewel!" as he appealed for a hearing, thereby showing a noble faith in the uplifting influence of games. To judge by their behaviour, unfortunately, most of the audience had never played even croquet, for they continued to bait him unmercifully. Such failures of the appeal to the sporting spirit, however, merely prove that we need more sport. The ideal at which we should aim is a world of sportsmen in which a man would rather lose his right hand than be guilty of doing something that wasn't cricket or of hitting below the belt.

The two principal things that sport teaches us, besides fair play, are to play for the team rather than for our own glory, and to control our angry passions. The sportsman shrinks from self-advertisement. The batsman is careless of his averages, if only he can score for his side and score quickly. As for those outbursts of temper that disgrace legislative assemblies and even Cabinet meetings, they are unthinkable on the playing-field. How pleasant it is to see that English and Australian cricketers can differ vehemently over so serious a problem as the merits of leg-theory bowling and yet preserve all the amenities of sportsmanship, resolutely remembering that the game's the thing! If the difference had been between politicians, tempers would have been frayed, fractious notes would have been exchanged, accusations of shady practices would have flown about. As it is, Larwood, with perfect courtesy, tells Bradman and Australian cricket crowds exactly what he thinks of them, and a cricketing Australian parson smilingly replies that he has seen English bowlers aiming red-hot balls at the heads and bodies of the batsmen. It is obvious that what each side has at heart is solely the interests of the game. No voice is raised at Lord's to demand the prohibition of Australian imports. There is no popular outcry in Australia for higher duties on English goods. England merely says in the most mellifluous tones: "Your batsmen squeal because the bowling is too good for them, and your barrackers are rather a blackguardly lot." The Australians coo in reply: "Cricket, as we understand it, isn't a form of homicide, and barracking is no more than an expression of opinion on grossly unfair play." And so the friendly controversy goes on, each side even hinting at its willingness to suppress Test Matches in the future if this should seem to be in the interests of cricket.

It has, I suppose, taken many generations for sportsmen to arrive at this marvellous pitch of self-control. I doubt if games in themselves make for virtue. I imagine, indeed, that the earliest games were nurseries of the vices—that they encouraged an egotistical passion for victory, crossness, cheating, envy, and hatred. It was because games brought out the natural wickedness of children and men that strict rules had to be made to control the behaviour of the players. Even old gentlemen with hearts of gold have been caught cheating at croquet. As for golf, great mathematicians have been known suddenly to become unable to add up to seven when asked how many they had taken to a hole. The first time I ever played golf one of the players was a business man who would have spotted a forgotten halfpenny in a balance-sheet, but who nevertheless always dropped one or two out of his score at every hole; I did my best to think that this was absentmindedness but he was never absent-minded to his own detriment. Such men, I believe, are victims of the will to win—the source of so much that is noble and so much that is evil. And the earliest sportsman, as I imagine him, was a man inspired by the will to win at all costs. The proverb says: "All is fair in love and war." The primitive sportsman believed that all was fair in love and war and sport. Even to-day in communities that have not been trained to strict obedience to rules, games are as productive of ill-temper as politics. In recent years serious riots have taken place because of the results of football matches.

In my boyhood I knew a small town where it was not safe for a visiting team to beat the natives at a game of lacrosse. I have seen the crew of a boat booed out of a railway station for having had the audacity to win a race from a local boat. If a complete history of sport were written you would find that it was almost as full of vituperation and warlike hate as the *Iliad*. For it is not natural for men to behave well at sport. It is natural for them to hate their rivals, to cheat if cheating is necessary to victory, to shout at and even assault the referee if he gives a decision unfavourable to their side—in short, to behave like frenzied egotists. Give a ball and *carte blanche* to a handful of natural human beings, and they will show no more sense of sport than game-cocks. That is why every great game has to be protected by rules that forbid a player deliberately to injure another player. The good temper of good sportsmen is largely a result of long submission to such rules.

Yet human nature is not entirely evil. The naturally good-tempered man is not so common as the naturally bad-tempered man, but he exists. There are men who can even play a game as keenly as if they were fighting for their lives, and yet preserve as equable a temper as if they were indifferent to the issue. The West Indies team, for example, seems to bring an atmosphere of more than ordinary good nature into the cricket field. When I went to see them at Lord's on Saturday they seemed at first to be subdued by the cold, and runs came so slowly that one could not help wondering for the twentieth time whether cricket is not a dying game unless some change is made in the rules. Then Da Costa came in and put some fun into the game. He did not score at a remarkable pace, but several times he swept a ball from Peebles round his legs to the boundary, while a negro in the stands shouted "Oh, pretty, sir!" and he showed admirable high spirits in stealing risky runs. No man ever worked his legs harder, knowing that his safety depended on beating his previous record by a tenth of a second. In one of his blind dashes he almost tumbled into the umpire, and he and the umpire were both pirouetting with their arms in the air for some time before they could recover their balance. It was only such spirited running as this that enabled him and his partner to make five runs from a stroke that did not nearly reach the boundary. Naturally, he took one risk too many and was run out in the end, but he had scored 67, and had fully justified the enthusiastic negro's running encomium, "Oh, pretty, sir!"

It was the last-wicket stand, however, that warmed the chilly afternoon into a scene of uproarious good nature. Cricket crowds usually seem to find something funny in the spectacle when the two last batsmen, instead of showing their usual incompetence, proceed to knock the bowlers about as cheerfully as Jessop. Even if Valentine and Griffiths had been opening batsmen, however, there would have been somethng comic in the impudence with which they stole runs. They seemed to be playing, not orthodox cricket, but a game of tip-and-run. They scored at such a pace that the crowd roared applause every time one of them struck the ball, and three-quarters of the spectators were shaking with laughter at the sheer ridiculousness of such treatment of the best bowlers of Middlesex, including, it should be remembered, three men who had bowled in Test Matches for England. One spectator kept howling, ironically, "Put on Patsy," but there was really nothing to laugh at in the graceful, powerful, and sure batsmanship of Valentine except the surprising occurrence of such playful play on a modern cricket-field. By the time the two batsmen had knocked up 132 runs in less than an hour, when Griffiths gave an easy catch to Peebles, everybody on the ground was feeling like a thorough sportsman, hoping that the best team would win, and all that sort of thing; and there was no one present who did not return home a better man in consequence.

It seemed to me, as I reflected on the game, that the moral influence of cricket depends largely on the speed of the scoring. Slow scoring frays the nerves both of the players and the spectators. If English cricketers wish to preserve cricket as the glorious moral influence it has been in the past, let them hit out a bit more.

Y. Y.

CONFERENCE CONUNDRUMS

The nations meet in the Council Room,
And I scan the press with a deepening gloom:
For it doesn't matter which rag I read,
On two main points they are all agreed.
They tell us in words of pith and weight,
"On the Conference hinges the whole world's fate,
And it *must not* fail, lest there swiftly fall
A common ruin on one and all."
They warn us next, when its course is run
That nothing particular will be done,
For the complex problems on which it sits
Are past solution by human wits.
It has to decide (e.g.), if trade,
When shrinking, crippled, depressed, decayed,
Can be made to flourish and boom and pay
By putting fresh obstacles in its way;
If sellers' profits are best kept high
By keeping buyers too poor to buy;
If State decrees can impose a pause
On the working of economic laws;
If buying, selling, and transportation
Are matters for bargaining or dictation;
If to risk a little is really rash
In the hope of saving a certain crash;
If national honour will let us make
Some small concessions for safety's sake;
If we really *want* to be saved, or whether
We'd rather be hanged than hang together—
And you can't in reason, the press agrees,
Expect decisions on points like these.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE PROSPECTS OF HITLERISM

SIR,—A ten-days' visit to Hitler's Berlin has convinced me that it is impossible for anyone really to understand what is happening in Germany just now without grasping certain propositions which can only be stated as observed and easily observable facts.

(1) That Hitler's conquest of the minds and hearts of all classes of Germans, largely *since* he came into power, is now so complete that even if all his "Brown Shirts" and "Steel Helmets" and the rest of his uniformed followers were to be disbanded to-morrow he would still be easily the strongest man in Germany, and on any appeal to the electorate would be confirmed in power by a quite overwhelming majority of votes. His natural opponents, the Trade Unions and the Social Democrats, are too divided amongst themselves, too tired of their old leaders and altogether too half-hearted to offer any serious resistance at all.

(2) That this is a real Revolution, a very great event in the history of Europe, having enormous popular forces behind and beneath it as a foundation—as contrasted with the *pis aller* German revolution of 1918 which had no foundation at all, when in truth a President had to be created merely because an Emperor had fled.

(3) That this Revolution is in its essence simply the delayed reaction of a great nation against the injustices and stupidities of the Treaty of Versailles and the indefensible subsequent invasion of the Ruhr; and that the strength and depth of this reaction are proportionate both to its long delay and to the enormity of the blunders of the Allies in general and of the French in particular.

(4) That Hitler is recognised by the whole of the political and official intelligenzia as an exceedingly able man—easily the ablest leader and spokesman that Germany has found at least since the death of Dr. Streseman—if not since very much longer than that.

(5) That Hitler's final step into power has produced a psychological effect on the minds of the German nation as a whole so rapid and so great that it must be seen to be believed.

Writing from Cologne the other day, Bruce Bairnsfather put the last point in a nutshell. After remarking upon

> "the wonderful array of assorted types—men and women, soldiers and civilians, behaving as if each had just won the first prize in the Calcutta Sweep. Extraordinary the way Depression and Economic Chaos takes some people. . . ."

he warns his companion, "Old Bill," not to say too much in cafés about Hitler.

> "Now listen," I said, "I've got a few pointers in this business. Hitler means more here *than either you or the world at large realise*. He's come to stay, so pipe down about him. He's sold something to these people, just as Joan of Arc did years ago to the French."

The italics are mine and I have used them because the sooner we and the rest of the world do realise Hitler's real position in Germany the better. No one else counts. The war-scare which was created in London and Paris by Papen's egregious oration of a fortnight or so ago was wholly groundless, because what Papen says does not matter at all. It is understood in the Wilhelmstrasse that Hitler pays not the slightest attention to the opinions of any of his colleagues save Dr. Schacht, to whose views he defers on all economic and financial questions.

Now, if the five propositions which I have set down above are true (and I think no competent observer who has been in Berlin during this month of May would seriously dispute any of them) what are their consequences? It follows first of all that Hitler has "come to stay" for a very long time. And that until he falls or dies his name will be even more synonymous with the word "Germany" than Mussolini's is with the word "Italy."

But can he fall in any foreseeable circumstances? I do not see that it is possible. He will probably fail to carry out his economic plans because he has promised the very nearly impossible, but what then? The rocks ahead of him are many and dangerous, but he is not likely to suffer personal wreck upon any of them. For no blunder or even catastrophe (such as, for example, a new giant and ruinous inflation, which Schacht, by the way, is there to prevent) could upset his position since there is literally no other man in Germany able or even willing to attempt to take his place. So that it comes to this, that we are almost certainly in for an era of Hitlerism as long as that of Mussolini's rule in Italy, Stalin's in Russia or Kemal's in Turkey; and we may as well face this as a fact at once.

The prospects of Hitler's supremacy in Germany as I see them are both good and bad. I will enumerate my opinions as I enumerated above my first-hand observations.

(1) It is always good, *per se* I believe, that a nation should recover its self-confidence and its self-respect, which Germany has never done since 1918, and it is good also that it should possess a spokesman whose authority to speak and act in its name cannot be questioned by the outside world.

(2) *The Jewish Question.* Here, I think, the prospects are bad and the persecution will continue indefinitely in the shape of various civil and legal disabilities but without further violence. During the recent hard years in Germany (few outsiders realise

how hard) the Jews have accumulated against themselves, justly or unjustly, a tremendous mass of popular hatred as food profiteers, usurers, anti-national intriguers, and so on. This hatred Hitler exploited on his path to power just as he exploited every other strong popular sentiment. Having reached power, he probably would have prevented violence if he could, and would certainly, since he is no fool, have prevented such outrages as the treatment of Einstein and other German Jews of world-wide reputation. But he could not stem the forces which he had helped to set in motion, and such things once done cannot easily be undone.

(3) *The Militarist Question.* Here, I think, one may say with complete certainty that what Hitler said in his Reichstag speech on May 17th was exactly what he meant and accurately represents the policy which he will pursue. I found no German who dreamed of the possibility of war within the next ten or fifteen years at any rate; few who did not hope that it might be prevented in the future altogether (having been so thoroughly disillusioned as to its efficacy "as an instrument of national policy"); and, again, none who were not genuinely alarmed by the widely reported intention of France to reinvade the Ruhr and so to destroy it, and the Saar Valley as well, as to make both of these great industrial areas impossible to reconstruct within a generation. The truth is that the Nazi mind is concentrated on the internal problems of Germany and does not want to be bothered by foreign affairs at all for a long time to come. It uses militarist phrases freely enough, but if it contains in itself any real elements of a future militarism, they are too embryonic to be visible at all at present.

(4) *The Corridor.* On the other hand, the hope of regaining, indeed the determination to regain, the Polish Corridor seemed to be equally universal. There might, it was felt, be some way other than war of recovering it—but recovered by some means or other it must be, and *would* be—a view, by the way, which THE NEW STATESMAN has expressed ever since 1919 and which Mr. Lloyd George is known always to have held.

(5) *Economic Plans.* These are very definitely socialistic, and their prospects are necessarily uncertain. Some of the details of Hitler's proposals regarding unemployment which I learned of in Berlin have now been published, and it is clear that they are more vigorous than any that have been proposed in other countries. Their success, however, depends partly upon the course, up or down, of world trade as a whole and partly upon the ability of Dr. Schacht to finance them without causing a ruinous inflation. If this is possible then undoubtedly the man who stabilised the mark nine years ago is the man best qualified for the job. Broadly speaking, one may say that Hitler's plan, apart from substituting men for women in industry as far as possible, is to make every unemployed man do some sort of work of national utility in return for the dole, regardless of his ordinary trade or the regulations of his Trade Union; and it is mainly with this purpose in view that he has in effect abolished (or "taken charge of!") the Trade Union organisations. This also, of course, is what he means by his proposed "conscription" of the unemployed—a word which in this case has not even a shadow of the sinister significance attributed to it in the French press.

(6) *The Constitutional Question.* This in some ways is perhaps the most interesting question of all, but also naturally the most conjectural. I should be inclined, from many views gathered in Germany, to say this: that if Hitler continues to represent as successfully as he has hitherto represented the common wishes and hopes of the greater part of the German nation—though in language far more violent than is native to the average German—then, some day, when he can find time to think about it, he will probably abolish the Republic and establish a constitutional monarchy with a monarch (perhaps a young Hohenzollern) who owes his title to the Reichstag as our own monarchs since 1689 have owed theirs to Parliament.

But that is looking too far ahead even for the eyes of conjecture. All it seems possible to predict at present with real confidence is that Hitlerism is definitely established and unshakeable; that whilst its resemblances to Fascism are more superficial than real it will certainly act quite as ruthlessly in the suppression of free speech and writing and other such popular liberties whenever it deems them dangerous to the preservation of its own power; that its main immediate purpose will be to re-establish the economic prosperity and power of the country; and that it will do its utmost to avoid foreign complications of any kind for many years to come—provided the absolute equality of the status of Germany amongst the other Great Powers is recognised without reservation.

Finally, here is the main practical conclusion which I have drawn from all that I have recently seen in Germany. "Hitlerism" is the business of the Germans themselves. Foreigners can no more destroy or even influence it by words or action than they have been able to injure or influence Bolshevism in Russia or Fascism in Italy. Hitlerism is for us merely a fact to be taken into account in all our estimates of the world situation. And it would be very foolish of us to disregard its strength merely because as "Liberals" we do not like it, or for the same reason to imagine that it contains within itself serious elements of instability. For my part, I cannot see that it contains any such elements at all. Hitler has passed from the stage of party leader to become the National Prophet of an exceedingly serious people, and it would need another such prophet to displace him.

May 30th. CLIFFORD SHARP

EDUCATION UNDER HITLER

SIR,—My friend, Mr. W. T. R. Rawson, has taken me to task over my article on *Education Under Hitler*. He finds fault with my general conclusions and in particular with this sentence: "The New Education Fellowship (of which Sir Michael Sadler and Sir Percy Nunn have been presidents) is banned as a Marxist organisation, and copies of its German organ are liable to confiscation."

Naturally it is not in Hitler's power to ban the activities of the Fellowship as an international organisation, but what his Government have done to the German branch is more serious than Mr. Rawson's letter would suggest. As he says, the German section was formally organised in 1931, but the German members had been active as groups and individually before that, in fact for ten years, and their work centred round *Das Werdende Zeitalter*, which appeared first in 1922 and went on appearing till last summer, since when it has not been financially possible to bring it out again. The authorities (not "individual Nazis") do not allow you to possess copies. The police took away all copies from the German headquarters of the organisation, locked them up and as far as I know have not returned them. Copies belonging to my wife were also confiscated by the police and have not been given back—exactly in the same way as they took works on peace and international friendship. *Das Werdende Zeitalter* is, like the *Neue Erziehung* (edited by Paul Oesterreich), reckoned to be a Marxist organ, and teachers and officials will get into trouble if they are found to be readers of it. This seems to me a sufficient obstacle to effective work in Germany, although members may be able to keep in touch with the headquarters in London; and this obstacle comes from the responsible authorities.

The general impression given by Mr. Rawson's letter is that the educational activities of the Hitler Government are comparatively harmless and spring from their uncertainty. This contention I feel bound to contradict. The Nazis are not suffering from uncertainty about what they want to do; they know quite well what they want, and they take steps systematically and efficiently to do it. The great tragedy is that there is now in Germany no freedom of movement in education or anything else; teachers have no choice what "attitude" they will take up, no right to consider what is best for the individual child—they have to do what the authorities dictate. When Dr. Frick was trying out Nazi education in Thuringia, there was still freedom in Germany for others to do otherwise; now there is not, and that is the difference. All education is to be politically coloured, and people who had been trying in the last fourteen years to build up a new and better Germany have now to see their children being taught a falsified history of those years, in which all their efforts are blackened, and the men who led them slandered as corrupt and filthy rogues. Children of liberal parents have to greet other people with "Heil Hitler!" for fear of bringing their parents under suspicion. Nothing that the Left Wing did in its day of power can compare with this.

It is very difficult for anyone who has not lived through the last few years in Germany to know how unspeakably tragic the recent change is or to realise how thoroughgoing and ruthless the internal policy of the Nazis is. Goodwill to the German people may tempt one to regard the present state of affairs as a passing storm on the surface and nothing more, just as a friend of Russia might have regarded the revolution soon after its outbreak. Hitlerism is deeper-rooted and more dangerous than many people here seem to think. To create feeling against Germany is the last thing I should wish to do (as anyone who noticed my letter to the *Times* on May 18th could see), but I cannot forget what

I have myself seen in Germany, and it seems to me necessary not to blind oneself to the fact that the Nazi Government intends to stamp out liberalism in thought and education as much as in politics, and to mould the coming generations in a spirit of narrow, ignorant and militaristic nationalism. VIVIAN OGILVIE

DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP

SIR,—The controversy on the rival merits of democracy and dictatorship, interesting as it is, must not be permitted to cloud the real issues. Democracy is a noble word and dictatorship a loud one. Both can equally conceal the realities which lie beneath. Unfortunately many of those who are eager to defend democracy make the radical mistake of supposing that it has already been achieved and needs only to be defended. Many of them are obviously tolerably content with existing institutions and do not possess the inflexible will towards fundamental change. Their weakness damages both democracy and the Labour Party. The politician in Britain has ceased to be formidable, and nothing is more likely to discredit the Labour Party than the belief that it is not formidable or in real earnest about Socialism, but is content to go on playing the democratic game of Ins-and-Outs. After all, democracy has not brought the employed or unemployed worker very far, and the " heritage " he is supposed to have come into, and which he is being asked to defend because it has fostered the growth of his institutions, is a highly theoretical concept which leaves him exposed to very bitter economic weather. He can surely be forgiven for the faint interest he takes to-day in democracy or even in politics at all.

There is a need for some new and much clearer thinking in the Labour Party than has yet emerged from the place where the thinking is supposed to be done. The masses have learnt, by harsh experience, how useless for any sane purpose modern democracy can be when it is directed by those who dislike change which cuts beneath the surface and who prefer words to action. The first step towards democracy is to give the masses economic power, and this involves restoring the principle of economic equality to the Socialist programme. Democracy does not begin until then, as recent history has conclusively shown. And economic equality will not get through the fine mesh of the British parliamentary sieve, and nobody who knows anything about it is taken in by the pretence that it will.

The Dudley Labour Party, having its mind on action, has circulated a memorandum on the political situation throughout the Labour Movement, and invites the co-operation of those who are interested in action, and particularly those who think that leaders of democratic parties might at least have the courage to lead their forces from in front instead of from behind.

19 Oakham Road,
Harborne, Birmingham

WM. HADGKISS
Prospective Parliamentary Labour
Candidate for Dudley

THE CHURCH AND THE AGE

SIR,—The confused attempt of your correspondent, Miss Coleman, to traverse your criticism of the *Times'* conception of the Church's function serves to expose the misleading tendency of that conception upon the mind of the world at large. Miss Coleman has evidently missed the preacher's drift in availing himself of the formula : " religion and morality are fundamentally distinct." His real aim is to impress on the mind that morality is not to be regarded as an adequate substitute for religion. And since infidels often defiantly set up the " ethical " life in rivalry to the religious, and others are apt to borrow this as a pretext for neglecting Church observance, the parson is not unjustified in his warning.

But not the most ecclesiastical of minds dreams that the demands of religion can be fulfilled without a morality. No intelligence can read the Gospels without perceiving the supremely ethical nature of the reformed religion taught by Christ. The changed mentality which he succeeded in establishing was fitted to engender, if only gradually, an intolerance of war and famine, for instance ; and not only because they are inhuman but because they impair, to say the least, the moral life of their victims. It follows that he cannot be a religious man who participates not in those concerns that were the very passion of our Lord himself. For the Christian faith, unlike that of Islam for example, is one not of authority but of affinity : " the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth . . . I have called you Sons." Miss Coleman's " religion is the adulation of a tribal god " is as an ill-learnt lesson ; it has nothing to do with the Christian dispensation.

In speaking of the conversion of souls as the sole or prime business of the Church, the *Times* seems under the influence of an obsolete theology. It is only when iniquitous features in the intercourse of men have been vanquished by the impact of Christian influence that the authors of them can be truly said to be " gained afresh for Christ." One can only suitably worship the Master by sharing his passion for the life that belongs to character. LINDSAY S. GARRETT

31 Wakefield Street, W.C.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD

SIR,—Under the Road Traffic Act, 1930, motorists charged with " driving a motor-car in a manner dangerous to the public," or with " being under the influence of drink to such an extent as not to have proper control of a car," may be committed for trial at Quarter Sessions if they so wish, instead of being dealt with summarily at the police courts.

Unfortunately, in practice juries more often than not fail to convict in these cases even on the clearest evidence. Hence the safeguards substituted for the speed limit seem to me to be even more inadequate than the public generally realises. The wrong kind of motorist has far too good a chance of escaping.

35 Lansdowne Gardens, S.W.8. " QUARTER SESSIONS "

[Pressure on our space has compelled us to hold over many letters this week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE TO-DAY

OUR age eschews dogma as the early Christians abhorred heresy. Nor is it only the callow and impatient young. There is Professor Housman, for instance, telling us only the other day that poetry, for him, is what arouses certain reactions in him. What is good, what is bad, who shall say ? He perhaps responds to Bridges or Theocritus : you to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. And there are more of you than there are of him. So presumably you are more nearly right than he is. Who is to say ? There is no criterion, if we are so shy of dogma.

Take your little car on one of the great new roads out of London ; from Hendon, say, towards Watford. There on either side of you, for mile after mile, in half-timber and stained-glass and hanging tiles, in rows of restless prettiness, is Ella Wheeler Wilcox in architecture. For the great misfortune of England is the diffusion of wealth ; of wealth sufficient for the small man to buy his own house in the open market. Skill and love will he lavish on his garden. Of a dog or a car he can shrewdly judge the quality. But to the quality of his house (as distinct from its stability or its amenities) he remains indifferent. Nowhere, of course, here is the architect concerned. It is the speculating builder and his clerk who know what is wanted and can supply it. Nor will the architect ever be concerned, till Mr. Everyman wants what he alone can give—an ordered thought-out, thoroughbred whole, within and without. And the time is not yet. Local Councils are indifferent : Parliament is indifferent. For it is not a burning question, like cruelty to animals. No fanatics rage. It is just the slow cheapening of a countryside, mile by pretty mile. Architects, those who have studied the decencies and subtle comeliness of the buildings our ancestors put up, cannot agree that what now gives Mr. Everyman the emotion of home is right and fitting. As an old-fashioned profession we hold still to dogma. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is well enough on the bookshelf ; but here she is being broadcast all day and every day.

Here then, all architects would unite in condemning. Unfortunately in their positive judgments they are less united. The traditional English shapes and methods, the pitched roof of tile or stone-slate or thatch, the nice urbanity of sashed windows, or subtle freedom of the casement, the crown of stalwart chimney-stacks—all these they will agree to be admirable. But in the years since the Peace new shapes and new methods have been creeping in from abroad—the long horizontal lines and slender legs of reinforced concrete, with a flicker here and there of rustless steel and glass. For ten years or more we have been seeing in the magazines, or studying abroad for ourselves, in Holland and Sweden, in Austria, France, and Germany, an architecture which, in its various ways, seemed to be saying something new. And it has sown discord in the ranks of architectural opinion. Most of the younger men are attracted. Most of the older men are, at the least, suspicious. Brought up in the study and love of the traditional English shapes and materials and ways of building, they are jealous for the honour of this precious heritage. And it would be a gloomy day for English architecture if the trained eye should cease to consider these things lovely and valuable. But there can be no doubt that to-day many, not only among architects, but also among those who are alertly interested in architecture, are ready to welcome new ideas, new shapes, and new materials. And this welcome is absolutely sincere: the question is how far it is sound.

There are, of course, certain people of ingenuous mind who seem to be so excited about being alive to-day and knowing that they can do things their grandfathers barely dreamt of, that they feel it absurd that houses should look much the same, when, for example, boats and highway carriages look so different. But it is an innocence of mind which shies from essentials. The citizen of to-day lives a home-life not so vastly different from that of his forefather under good Queen Anne. He needs more water-pipes, and is content with fewer servants. He is fonder of fresh air, and goes away more often. But none of these things necessarily makes the materials and shapes of the Queen Anne house unsuitable for his life to-day. The sedan-chair and the coach are obviously out-moded. Is the house?

How far is "modernism" (we cannot well avoid the ridiculous word) a genuine movement in architecture, and how far a mere impatience? It is genuine and fruitful where it helps us to meet straightforwardly a problem which cannot so well be solved in other manners—where, for example, we need the broad sweeps of flat balconies for hospital patients, or great windows for workshops or laboratories, or slender supports to allow unimpeded floor areas, or where the foundations or other structural needs are such that the more traditional bone-work of plan and section would be clumsy or uneasy. And in character its slim swift shapes seem consonant with the sweep of arterial roads, the mountains of Switzerland or the Californian coast-line. Perhaps for the muted mistiness of the English air the grey Cotswold cottage or the thatched brickwork of Wiltshire is more kindly and of universal wear. There is something cosy and native in the gleam of little windows under the changes of sunshine and cloud.

Apart from what they will do, these "modern" shapes seem to ask for somewhat starker surroundings than an England peaceably lived in and lovingly tended since the Wars of the Roses, a country of villages and hedges and parks and winding roads, first made by cattle after all traces of Roman urbanisation had faded away. There is a something hyper-hygienic, a faint perfume of disinfectant about these shapes. We must remember that Europe (a little laggard in these matters) has of late "found sanitation" as others find salvation. The tradition-loving Englishman might feel a little suspicious of anything quite so immaculate—the offspring, as it were, of sun-bathing out of the operating theatre. He would take cleanliness rather more easily. And when he is told by Corbusier that the house is a machine for living, and may therefore justifiably look like a machine, he will, perhaps, feel inclined to answer that life is more than sun-bathing: it is holidays, and marriage, and tidings of death, and children's games, and the gleam of December firelight. Certainly there may be beauty in an efficient machine, but no machine has so complicated a series of unrelated functions as the machine for living—the home.

The modern materials and modern shapes can do some things supremely well. One thing that they are unsuitable for is the single cheap small house. Flat roofs are costly to insulate from heat and cold as well as wet; cheap concrete walls will not keep out the winter, and will run with condensation; nor are they discrete enough in sound conduction for the intimacies of domestic life. The "machine for living" must act efficiently. A thing isn't a machine simply because it looks like a machine. That is mere theatricalism. And herein lies a danger of confusion of thought. W. R. Lethaby once wrote of the Middle Ages that, "the folk had fallen in love with building, and loved that their goldsmith's work and ivories and seals and even the pierced patterns of their shoes should be like little buildings, little tabernacles, little Paul's windows." And our own eyes have learnt to enjoy the lithe shape of car and aeroplane, the flash of bright metal, the suggestion of free movement in the flatly curved line. So we welcome similar shapes when we find them in buildings. But though they may be the shapes of efficient machines, they are not necessarily the shapes of efficient buildings. Obviously: since their functions are different. We fall in love with the word "efficiency," and confuse ourselves. To no small extent the "modernist," whether architect or layman, is as much a romantic as was his grandfather: he has but substituted "streamlines" and "efficiency" for the "pointed arch" and the "true principles of Christian architecture."

These are some points we must watch—glib confusions of thought, the danger of a romantic movement as insecurely founded as other revivals, the peculiar claims of our own countryside. And even in towns we cannot afford to be too easily cosmopolitan, or we shall lose something uniquely ours. For there is a kind of reluctance to be a town even about London. It trails the clouds of its rustic youth about it still, from the greenery of a hundred squares and terraces to the Thames-side cottages down by Cherry Gardens Pier in Rotherhithe. So our new building, whether it most fittingly follows new forms or old, will take note of this: not pretending to be rural in the town, but wearing its town clothes with a grace, some hint of aloofness from the turmoil of leviathan traffic. The cosmopolitan mind swells with the thought of the city's vastness; and sometimes we, too, "inflate like the frog." But the Shell-Mex building remains less impressive than Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall. That, too, was modernist in its day. Brought fresh from Italy into a city of brick and half-timber and Elizabethan fantasy, it must have stood with all the urbanity of a courteous gentleman among rustic squires. For this is the greatest danger in our welcome of European ideas, that we lose the salty flavour of our own way of looking at things. From the west we have learnt the solemnity of shop-keeping, the ponderous dignity of commerce: from Europe comes a rumour of the logic that sees a city as a city and nothing else. It was Wren and his generation that assimilated, and re-created for us the modern movement of his day; so that nothing seems more English than his broad-corniced, sash-windowed house. The futilities of some of our later Georgian work show the danger of European diet, undigested. To the Austrian to-day the idea of Vienna is probably some vaguely dignified abstraction of the urban spirit: to us our town is Bones the butcher and Bags the tailor, who form the ruling councils. This is our strength and our weakness. It is our weakness to be sluggish to rise to great civic opportunities: our strength as a people lies in our instinct for deflating bombast, blowing cold on hot air, and in the final account insisting that a new movement, whether in politics or in architecture, shall prove its balance-sheet.

WILLIAM G. NEWTON

Life and Letters. Edited by DESMOND MACCARTHY and HAMISH MILES.

The June issue of *Life and Letters* includes Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's Causerie, which this quarter is devoted entirely to a really fresh and living portrait of Arnold Bennett. The other contributors are Logan Pearsall Smith, A. J. A. Symons, Arthur Calder-Marshall, G. W. Stonier, Professor Oliver Elton, E. E. Kellett and C. H. Coster. There are also several pages of reviews and a selected list of the quarter's books. The quarterly costs now half-a-crown and is on sale at all bookstalls, or from the Publisher, 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

DRAWINGS BY DUNCAN GRANT AT AGNEW'S

During the past few years Mr. Duncan Grant has shown us plenty of fine painting. There have been gay English landscapes, serious still lives, and solid figure studies; and we have had no right to complain. But there must have been others beside myself who felt that the true Duncan Grant flavour—that intoxicating blend of grace and fantasy—was being bottled up in a respect for natural appearances. The sketches and drawings now on exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's show just that side of his talent which we had missed, and show it in a delightfully pure and spontaneous form. Duncan Grant has always been an exquisite colourist, and even his recent still lives, painted almost entirely in tones of brown, have had lovely notes of blue or green singing above their austere accompaniment. But it is a long time since we have had such a happy prodigality of colour as there is in the decorative drawings Orion (27) and a Triton (40), still less such discoveries as the grey and yellow of the Leda (1), and the rusty red and deep blue of Cupid and Psyche (6). I must add that the decorative value of these studies can hardly be appreciated in their present setting among the dingy claret-coloured hangings which, in the golden age of picture dealing, were considered indispensable to the sale of an old master. Duncan Grant's freshness and vigour can survive the blight of moribund capitalism, but how much more beautiful a decoration like The Mermaid (20) would look if it hung alone on a clear-toned wall. Critics have done less than justice to him as a draughtsman. He has, for one thing, a grace of hand which gives to everything he touches the flowing, unselfconscious beauty of an English song. The mere calligraphy of such scribbles as 26 and 39 is a pleasure. Then he has a real sense of movement, violent movement in the Tug-of-War (30), elegant movement in the Narcissus (35) and the small Cupid and Psyche (43). But it is a mistake to approach Duncan Grant from a technical point of view, because all his qualities of colour and line are completely a part of his vision as an artist. Mr. Clive Bell once compared his imagination to that of the more lyrical Elizabethan dramatists. Like them, he is much concerned with the sensuous world of Paganism and the earthly adventures of amorous gods; and like them he treats these classical myths with a wholly unclassical freedom and fantasy. I recently saw Duncan Grant's drawing of the Queen of Sheba. She was a gorgeously black negress, with purple high lights and rusty-red nipples. Where else could one find such an interpretation, since Ben Jonson's Masque of Blacknesse? It is worth adding that he can condense this world of his imagination into a very small space, so that some of the slightest sketches, for example The Sea Shore (13), are as purely Duncan Grant as his most ambitious oils.

I have kept to the last what seems to me the most important part of the exhibition; I mean the magnificent pastels of the nude model. As far as I know these are a new departure, and in them the artist seems to me to have concentrated all his talents. The bewildered critic of modern art can seldom put his hand on his heart and say, "I am sure that in a hundred years' time this will hold its own with all but the greatest." Before such pastels as Nos. 15, 25, 29 and 32, I can say this without a twinge of uncertainty or remorse. They are drawn with magnificent breadth—Nos. 29 and 32 have almost the quality of a late Dégas—and they are drawn in colour. Duncan Grant's vision is so instinctively and unhesitatingly chromatic that he can build up a passage of modelling with strokes of pure colour, each one of which falls perfectly into its place. The modelling of the Stooping Nude (15) and the Orange Bandeau (25) is a miracle, and before them I am reminded of one of the greatest names in European art, Paul Veronese. There is one oil sketch in the exhibition, a study of the Toilet of Venus, which has this quality, though it suffers by being too sharply silhouetted against a white background; but on the whole, his recent oils of the nude have not had quite the brilliancy of these pastels. A heavy impasto, while giving them weight, has taken away some of their freshness. It seems to me that Duncan Grant's greatest gifts are for freshness and lyrical grace. Hogarth is remembered for the Shrimp Girl rather than for his compositions in the Grand Manner; and Duncan Grant, though he owes so much to French art, cannot help being as English as Hogarth or Gainsborough.

KENNETH CLARK

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Emil on the Stage

The English stage version of *Emil and the Detectives* at the Croydon Repertory Theatre this week is one of its most delightful productions. It earns as much of the praise which Mr. Birrell gave the film last March as a stage version could, for obviously in such scenes as when scores of "ragamuffin detectives" follow the villain the screen has the advantage, particularly over Croydon's small stage. The English play follows the film faithfully and it was clear to us that Mr. Cecil Trouncer, who made an admirable villain, had studied his film counterpart very closely. Instead of travelling to Berlin, Emil (remarkably well played by Desmond Tester) is seen embarking from a Kentish village station for London, where the later scenes take place. Polly Hoppit, Gus and the "Professor" are all good, and the forty-odd boys of the cast acted, most of them for the first time, with a delightful lack of self-consciousness. Mr. Henry Cass, the producer, has succeeded in carrying off innumerable difficulties lightly. *Emil* will be on at Croydon until June 24th.

Sir John Martin-Harvey

As historical melodrama, *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde*, for all its wordiness and its somewhat studied and mechanical underpitching, deserves revival at the Little Theatre, if only because it is a superb vehicle for the art of Sir John Martin-Harvey. The piece is intended to be harrowing, and one imagines that, given an audience sufficiently impregnated with that particular form of hysteria without which wars would be impossible, it might be made almost intolerable. In 1933 it is still theatrically effective up to a point, though its artificialities are more obvious. Sir John as the Burgomaster presents an admirable character-study, brusque dignity, patriotism, humour and tolerance all compact; and he is far too old a hand at this sort of thing to allow the slightest over-emphasis to coarsen pathos in an attempt to turn it into tragedy. Mr. Walter Piers, as his German-officer-son-in-law has a thankless task, but performs it very well. Mr. Malcolm Keen exercises a tenth of his talent as the brutal major with perfect success, and Mr. Pen Field is touchingly sincere as the old gardener. Unfortunately, Miss N. de Silva is totally unsuited to play Isabelle.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 16th—
Naval Night Pageant, Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Till June 24th.

SATURDAY, June 17th—
Anti-War Conference, Oaklands International Hostel, Hildenborough, Kent. And on June 18th.
National Dance and Song, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 18th—
C. Delisle Burns on "Reason and Emotion," Conway Hall, 11.
E. F. Wise on "The World Economic Conference," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"Emily Brontë," Lyceum Club.

MONDAY, June 19th—
Golf Amateur Championship, Hoylake, nr. Liverpool.
"Loire," Wyndham's Theatre.
"As You Like It," Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park.

TUESDAY, June 20th—
British Industrial Art Exhibition, Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street. Till July 12th.
Mr. N. M. Joshi on "The Indian Constitution and Labour," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Garden Party in aid of Kentish Town Slum Clearance Scheme. Cricket Match, Actresses, captained by Miss Gladys Cooper, *v.* Authors, captained by J. B. Priestley, The Elms, Spaniards Road, Hampstead, 2.30.
K. B. Aikman on "Race Mixture," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.30.
"The Mocking Bird," St. Martin's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, June 21st—
"The Fantasticks," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
Public Meeting to protest against the military character of the Hendon Air Pageant and the action of Great Britain's delegates to the Disarmament Conference in insisting on bombing planes for police purposes, Town Hall, Hendon, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THOSE who set out like Mr. Thomas Burke to describe *The Beauty of England* (published next Wednesday, Harrap, 7s. 6d.) are rather like the poets who take the physical perfections of a mistress for a theme. What they say is at once overstrained and inadequate; more prosaic persons who have endured the felicity of a wedded life with her cannot help giving a slightly cynical smile at a love which expresses itself in such terms. The personification of hills and streams, cities, forests and even ditches is carried to its highest point in *Poly-Olbion*. Vol. IV of *The Works of Michael Drayton* (complete in 5 vols., Blackwell, seven and a half guineas).

A lovely passage describes the birds' song in Arden, but the following which recounts the passion of Old Gogmagog for delicious Grant, the nymph of Cam, is typical of the whole:

> Wherefore this hill with love, being fouly overgone:
> And one day as he found the lovely Nymph alone,
> Thus wooes her; Sweeting mine, if thou mine owne wilt be,
> C'have many a pretty gaud, I keepe in store for thee.
> A nest of broad-fac'd Owles and goodly Urchins too;
> Nay Nymph take heed of me when I begin to wooe:
> And better yet than this, a Buchin twa yeares old,
> A goodly Calfe it is, and oft could have been sold:
> And yet beside all this, c'have goodly Beare-whelps twa,
> Full daintie of my Joy, when she's disposed to play,
> And twentie Sowes of Lead, to make our wedding Ring;
> Bezides at Stourbridge Fayre, chill buy thee many a thing:
> Chill zmouch thee every morne, before the Sunne can rise
> And looke my manly face in thy sweete glaring eyes.
> Thus said he smug'd his beard, and stroked up his hayre
> As one that for her love, he thought had offered fayre.

It is an oddity of our literature with little trace of the author of that lovely sonnet sequence *Idea*, and I think it will be most appreciated by the Pilgrim who packs it with the Ordnance Survey when he goes out to explore England on foot. Traces of this personification remain to-day, and Mr. Thomas Burke writes: "There is nothing here of the immortality of Rievaulx, only dank air and stones that do not even sigh."

* * *

It is, of course, the literary touch, due to the fact that Drayton was a poet and Mr. Thomas Burke is a famous stylist celebrated for the power of his descriptive writing whose readers long for exaggerated sensibility. Nor will they be disappointed:

> Whenever and wherever I see a beautiful young girl, the sight of her brings instantly the image of Goring and Streatly.

God preserve us. He writes of Studland:

> Thatched cottages, lattice windows, rose trees climbing the porch, all the properties. England is dowered with these villages. The most luscious Christmas card artist, letting himself go to the extreme of the idyllic, can never outdo the reality. One can readily understand men dying for such beauty and dying happily.

Yet on the whole Mr. Burke is a pretty good judge of England: he puts Somerset first, then follow Shropshire and Yorkshire. He thoroughly appreciates the Midlands. It is clear that he hardly knows Suffolk at all and regards Norfolk from the point of view of the Broads. His most interesting passages are his praise of Cannock Chase and parts of Lancashire. *The Beauty of England* shows genuine independent taste dressed up in literary finery. Thus he continually gives us strings of place-names, delighting in their evocative syllables.

> I turned to the map of England and set my fancy upon Shropshire and upon its Ludlow, Much Wenlock, Clungunford and Ellesmere. . . . I still have some of these English map-dreams unrealised; and I am not eager to strike them off my list. Clungunford remains unvisited.

My own penchant is for the comic names. Bablockhythe means nothing, but I do feel an appeal in Swacking Cuckoo, near Cromer, and shall drop in on it one day. Moreover, one of my favourite walks is to the completely hidden little village of Yelling—the quietest spot I know. Inside the church you will find a possible reason in the War Memorial Tablet: "Sacred to the Memory of Twelve Yelling men. . . . They died that Peace might come."

* * *

Mr. Thomas Burke is an authority on inns, yet he writes of the "Beverley Arms":

> It dates from the 17th century but its main interest lies in its kitchen which is the original kitchen. This has attracted many visitors, and besides being much photographed it has more than once "sat" to artists.

There is not one word about the Yorkshire pudding and roast loin of pork, or the chops and chips, which no doubt the "Beverley" can offer, and never a hint that one should go to Yorkshire for food. They order this matter better in *Le Guide Gastronomique de la France*, of which an English version ought to be produced. There is a good deal about Yorkshire in *The Green Fields of England*, by Clare Cameron (Constable, 5*s*.).

> Beautiful shell of Rievaulx—I would that words might suggest your benediction and your grace, and the glamour of the valley that is your home. The quiet was broken soon, pierced at length by the sound of hearty laughter and young feet running over the stones. There was a flutter of muslins. Then I became possessed of an almost uncontrollable fury. How dared they break thus into this sweet and holy spot secluded from the world, without understanding or reverence and cast upon the quiet air their commonplace ribaldry? It was difficult to refrain from comment as I passed them quickly. . . .

I noticed another passage where the word *muslin* had the same pathological effect upon the authoress. Better not see England in her company. It is clear that the writers are too "literary"—though Noel Carrington has done well with the limited subject of *Broadway and the Cotswolds*, an admirable advertisement printed and published for the Lygon Arms, Broadway (1*s*.). But what is England really like? The photographic collections of *The Villages of England* and *The Landscape of England* (Batsford, 12*s*. 6*d*. each) give a better idea of it, and are free from falsity, even though they are selected to give a favourable impression. They tell nothing of the pink villas peeping through the pinewoods. *The Villages* is the better—for the camera fails with distant views. *The Landscape*, however, should contain the White Horse, the Cerne Giant, the Maidstone road and the giant pylons over the Humber.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the distinctive feature of England is the living hedge which enables our farmers to maintain a larger number of livestock per acre than any continental country, where beasts have to be tethered or watched by herdsmen. Only in that part of France called *Le Morvan* have I suddenly felt at home as I realised I was walking along a hedge covered with blackberries. Children go birds'-nesting along hedges, lovers kiss behind them, neighbours talk through them, fox-hunters jump over them . . . but I am becoming literary. In my part of the world the hedges are cut down eighteen inches high in winter—and I like the country of stone walls, with a strand of wire on top to keep down a climbing sheep, best of all. The truth is that England would be a lovely country if we really only cared for our arterial roads and radio masts and pylons, and thought winding lanes and honey-suckle thatched cottages were death-traps to be got rid of as soon as possible. As it is, the very generation which is ruining England would like, if it were rich enough, to make it into a museum. The real horror of these books is not their excruciating "literary" style, but the attitude of author and of reader—like rakes sentimentalising over female innocence while they destroy it. We are all just the same: we all love machines and go faster and faster, and because of that, hunt out the lonely places and tell each other of them with tears of sentiment. Then, when we have debauched them, we try and dress them up in sun-bonnets and take photographs from carefully selected angles, with hay-wains and old gaffers leaning on sticks. The whole thing is sheer harlotry. Lend me your big Bentley and I know where to spend a week-end amidst virgin innocence.

DAVID GARNETT

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Peacemaking 1919. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Mr. Nicolson's vivid book is admirable as a sketch of persons and events and as an analysis, made by an official deep in the problems of the Conference, of the several forces that destroyed the hope of a decent peace. It is a counterpart to Mr. Keynes's famous work, for Mr. Keynes was chiefly concerned with economic questions whereas Mr. Nicolson is mainly concerned with questions of frontiers and the political redistribution of the world. It recalls some important issues that have since been forgotten. Then Mr. Nicolson reminds us of the connection between the acceptance of Japan's demands on Shantung and the rejection of her demand for the recognition of racial equality in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Neither America nor Great Britain was ready to concede this second demand in the mildest form and it was found easier to sacrifice China than to admit that the yellow man might be regarded as the equal of the white. The strong colour sense of the Anglo-Saxon thus came into conflict at the start with the larger ideas of the League of Nations, and the British led the minority which prevented the acceptance of the Japanese proposal. It was an inauspicious beginning for the new attempt to create a world-wide organ for establishing peace and justice.

One important difference between the Peace of Vienna and that of Versailles has often been overlooked. The statesmen of 1815 had a great dread of seeing France again in the hands of a Napoleon. This fear was a valuable steadying force. Of the Ministers who took part in the making of the Peace the most important were much more anxious to give the restored legitimist régime a good chance of holding its own against a future Napoloen than to punish France. During the war we had often distinguished between the rulers and the people of Germany. At Paris that distinction was forgotten. The Allies could have discredited the Kaiser either by forcing a Carthaginian peace on him in person or by giving to republican Germany terms that they would not have given to him. They chose to treat republican Germany, alike in terms and in manners, as if the Kaiser was still on the throne.

The want of this steadying force, so useful a hundred years earlier, left all the several Powers free to pursue their own ambitions. Except for one thing. President Wilson, who had no such ambitions and was on principle opposed to them, had come to the Conference with a special authority. Unfortunately, he threw away his power. He rejected or ignored the proposal of Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, that the Secret Treaties should be cancelled. Once they were admitted his difficulties were insuperable. In any case, to re-create Europe with new frontiers corresponding to national sentiment involved a number of hard cases, for populations have not arranged themselves under all the conditions created by conquest, time and custom to fit any map. When to those cases were added the injustice created by sheer violations of Wilson's guiding principle in the Secret Treaties, he was soon hopelessly adrift in controversies in which the issue was not one of principle but of the compromises necessary to avert a breakdown of the Conference. Wilson, the master of the Conference when he left the United States, found himself at the mercy of anybody—whether Japan or Italy—who threatened to walk out. There was one other obstacle to Wilson's power. The treatment of debts was all important, and when that question was raised America was at first considered as short-sighted as any of the Powers whose territorial greed she blamed.

There remained one hope and it was a faint one. It was the hope that one great power might stand out of the general scramble. No such miracle happened. The Conference seemed to draw out of each Power all that was worst in it. Great Britain was most active in stripping Germany of her colonies; she refused even to give up Cyprus; she put into the Reparation terms the clause that included pensions and separation allowances. By some still unexplained mystery this clause, so sternly and justly denounced by Mr. Keynes, was pressed on Wilson by General Smuts. About the effect on the Peace of the General Election of 1918 and on Mr. Lloyd George's part in it Mr. Nicolson takes a view that is out of fashion. He thinks that there was a great deal to be said for holding the election and that Mr. Lloyd George " never completely lost his head."

Now it is quite true that Mr. Lloyd George has often been blamed since by people who at the time were more violent than he was, but if Mr. Lloyd George had felt that his own speeches had been as careful as Mr. Nicolson thinks them, he would surely not have surrendered to Mr. Kennedy Jones's famous telegram when he tried to prepare the world for a more reasonable peace. Mr. Lloyd George began the election excellently and if he had made only one or two speeches his record would have been admirable. But he allowed himself to be forced by the *Times* under Northcliffe farther and farther from his first natural generous impulses until he put himself almost in line with his most reckless supporters. After his Bristol speech the *Manchester Guardian*, his warmest adherent in the Liberal press, commented sadly on the change from the statesman to the cheapjack. Evidently Mr. Nicolson thinks that in any case Mr. Lloyd George could not have stood out against the mass emotion of the time, even if he had not handicapped himself by electioneering speeches and a House of Commons elected under the worst conditions. That may be true. It is possible that nobody short of Gladstone could have kept British policy on decent lines. For Gladstone had the two things that were needed; a religious sense for the unity of civilisation and a strong conviction of his own power over the imagination of the British people. Of all the statesmen who met at Paris there was not one who possessed those qualities.

J. L. HAMMOND.

MORE LIGHT ON LLOYD GEORGE

Lord Riddell's War Diary, 1914-1918. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 21*s.*

The friendship between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord (then Sir George) Riddell was well established before 1914—for did not the Suffragettes, as the *Diary* reminds us, blow up the house at Walton Heath that the proprietor of the *News of the World*, like the generous friend he is, was building for the then Chancellor of the Exchequer? Close associates at that time, they were to become inseparable companions throughout the war and the peace conference. *Lord Riddell's War Diary* is a day-to-day record of their relations, and we may therefore assume that no other book is likely to display Mr. Lloyd George during those years with anything like the precision of this one. Indeed, as regards intimate detail the *Diary* makes a striking contrast to Mr. Lloyd George's own Memoirs as they are now appearing. Lord Riddell is, with a few conspicuous exceptions (Woodrow Wilson in particular), a detached and good-tempered observer; and he is as cautious as need be. But, none the less, he does reveal in unmistakable outlines what was going on in Whitehall at every stage.

Hitherto it has been generally agreed that the most revealing account of the War Government down to the decisive changes of December, 1916, was contained in the narrative which we owe to the ingenuous enterprise of Lord Beaverbrook. Lord Riddell's *Diary* is, in the first place, a serviceable corrective of *Politicians and the War*. Readers of that book will remember that it presented Mr. Lloyd George in the character of a Minister who did not emerge as an aggressive national figure until late in 1916. When the book was reviewed in these columns we commented upon the unreality of this picture, and pointed out that Lord Beaverbrook was a misleading guide to the second year of the war, since as a matter of fact the restiveness of Mr. Lloyd George was an outstanding feature of the Government for some time before the making of the first Coalition in May, 1915. Lord Riddell supplies ample evidence for this in his unfailingly pleasant fashion.

As early as January, 1915, Mr. Lloyd George is found lamenting that we have no generals; in February he is taking a gloomy view of the situation; in March he is saying that Asquith has no initiative, and the *Daily Chronicle*, though edited by his friend, Robert Donald, makes the first attack upon him for joining in an intrigue against the Prime Minister. Immediately after the making of the first Coalition he is actively in league with the conscriptionists; by the autumn he has come to regard Kitchener as incompetent and is convinced that disaster is impending. By November he is threatening to resign, and a few weeks later Lord Riddell is telling him that the psychological moment is fast approaching when he will be required to act. That is December, 1915, twelve months before Asquith is stricken down. With this cool record before us, it seems altogether extraordinary that Asquith should have been able to hold that discrete and nervous team together. Lord Riddell puts down, on almost every page, the angry grumbles or dismal vaticinations of this Minister or that, and almost invariably to the accompaniment of a dirge to the effect that Asquith has become utterly impossible. Now and again also, as we should expect, Northcliffe flutters in. He is always hysterical, and his predictions are wilder than any others in the *Diary*.

By the Spring of 1916 Mr. Lloyd George is for universal conscription, while Bonar Law and the Tories are described as funking. (He recalls, by the by, that as early as 1910 he was proposing to his political friends that Britain should adopt compulsory national service on the Swiss model.) By May he is known to be in close concert with Northcliffe, although Lord Riddell notes that he does not tell him about it. In July, a month after Kitchener's death, he is inclined to force a general election on the issue of a more vigorous prosecution of the war. At intervals he is seen to be already playing with Bonar Law, and in December that curious partnership brings Asquith down.

At this point, naturally, we are led to put some points in the *Diary* alongside the Beaverbrook story, which, as Lord Riddell tells us, Mr. Lloyd George was afterwards recommending as "a remarkable document and fairly correct." On the crucial Sunday, December 6th, Lord Burnham told Lord Riddell that after the meeting of the Tory Ministers Bonar Law was entrusted with a letter to Asquith. He took the letter with him to Downing Street, "but quite forgot to deliver it." Probably, remarks Lord Riddell in a parenthesis, "he thought it sufficient to state the contents orally." Quite so; but then we have long known exactly what happened. Between the Tory meeting and his call upon the Prime Minister, Bonar Law saw Lord Beaverbrook, who, as he has told us, realised that the resolution adopted by the Tory Ministers was designed to uphold Asquith and keep Mr. Lloyd George out of the Premiership. He therefore warned Bonar Law, who was careful not to show it to the Prime Minister. Lord Riddell many months later reports Mr. Lloyd George as saying that Asquith might have saved himself, if he had not been misled by his friends. No doubt—his Tory friends! In May, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George spoke to Lord Riddell of the political intrigues then on foot against him: "I can play that game as well as, or better than, they can—in fact, I have done so." The *Diary* shows that this remark was anything but unfair comment.

Nearly a year before he became Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George could see the need for "a real and lasting peace." But from the time of the "knock-out blow" interview in the Autumn of 1916 Lord Riddell shows him to be treating every suggestion of peace as an awful peril to the Allies. And this, too, incredibly, right down to the overpowering first moves towards the ending of the war. On October 13th, 1918: "He thinks that the Allies are now in a horrible mess. Wilson has promised them an armistice"; or, alternatively, "Wilson has put us in the cart." The references to Woodrow Wilson, from the rupture of diplomatic relations to the last page of the *Diary*, are all of one kind. It is impossible to read them without realising the complete temperamental antagonism of Mr. Lloyd George for the American President. There are half a dozen outbursts recorded here which, together with a few references to Clemenceau, go far in themselves to explain the hopeless tragedy of Versailles. Nor is Lord Riddell himself free from reproach in connection with his pre-armistice entries. For example: Mr. Lloyd George observes that Wilson's Fourteen Points "are very dangerous," and by an inexcusable slip the diarist seems to confirm Mr. Lloyd George in the suggestion that the Points were actually news in October. In a footnote he gives their date as June 8th, 1918. The correct date, of course, is January 8th, three days only after Mr. Lloyd George's own speech on war aims, the genesis of which Lord Riddell does not elucidate, as he might easily have done.

The *Diary* needs many more footnotes than its author has provided, but not such as the one on p. 264, concerning Mr. Henderson and the Stockholm Conference of August, 1917, which is a ludicrous understatement. The citation from the Gettysburg speech is inaccurate, and Lord Riddell's American references are otherwise careless. The editor of the *New York World* fifteen years ago was a distinguished journalist, but his name was not Lincoln. It would be fair to describe Lord Riddell as a quite merciless diarist. To all his acquaintances he is friendly, and so he sees no reason why he should not put down all their little jokes, their little scraps of what he calls the philosophy of life, their quaint ignorances, as when he tells Curzon who Billy Sunday is and reveals to Balfour the existence of Sir Basil Zaharoff. "Tell me," says Mr. Lloyd George in his engaging fashion on September 1st, 1917, "what character in the Bible do I most resemble just now?" Lord Riddell was not quick enough to recall the retort of THE NEW STATESMAN in a famous article nine months before—*Had Zimri Peace?*

HOW ODD WE ARE

Londres. By PAUL MORAND. Librairie Plon: Paris. 15 francs.

It is now many years since M. Paul Morand, in *Clarisse*, first embarked upon the ocean of literature. From the long voyage that has intervened he has brought back many valuable and curious things. He now returns to the country of his first discovery, and in *Londres* he has given us the most serious, as well as the most intelligent, book that he has written for almost a decade.

M. Morand is well qualified to write about London. He knew it in 1903, in 1913, in 1923, and in 1933. Æsthetically he is well attuned to our diaphonous solidity. Politically he is one of the few living Frenchman who understand the quality of our hesitation, or the extent of our sacrifice. His social opportunity was unrivalled. His sympathy was sensitive enough to realise that our background is not so wholly austere and refrigerating as our foreground. Intellectually he is amused by our discrepancies, and delighted by the pathetic expedients by which we try to make ourselves logical. And above all, his understanding is sufficiently acute to enable him to interpret such strange phenomena as Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Pepys, Hogarth, our love of birds and flowers, our incapacity for durable hatred, and our passion for eccentricity.

M. Morand is also a man of letters. Take the following:

> L'Angleterre tudor est dominée par la figure en forme d'oeuf de la reine Elizabeth, par sa maigre silhouette engoncée dans une rigide carapace de grenats et de topazes brûlés. La signature qu'elle pose au bas de ses comptes de ménage, comme au bas des traités avec les puissances d'Europe, est en pattes de mouche, couronnée de minces oriflammes et terminée par des traits en éclair; ses mains grêles ont la force terrible des griffes d'araignée et, comme l'araignée, elle dévore ses mâles, les courtisans à faces de cadavre qui l'entourent.

There is a passage of equal literary excellence in which he deals with the history, the beauty and the atmosphere of Hyde Park. It is not only that M. Morand knows what he is writing about; it is also that he knows consummately how to write. On the whole I should say that this is the best foreign description of London that I have ever read.

M. Morand, for one thing, realises how very odd we all are, and how much we like being teased about it. He knows that we are perhaps unduly sensitive to the beauties of squirrels, sailing ships and Italian primitives. He knows that when the Foreign Office addresses every spring a Note to the French Embassy begging them to induce the prefects of their southern Departments to be exceedingly kind to birds of passage, this strange preoccupation is perfectly serious and that if only the said prefects could be induced to make a fine gesture about the birds it would be worth a dozen banquets of the Anglo-French Association. He is sufficiently distinguished to realise that our Victorian Gothic was a

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pathetic attempt to disguise the materialism of the industrial age. And he ends his book with a fine doxology which I for one have read with gratitude. " I thank God," he writes, " that the British take ten years to create a technician, and ten centuries to create a gentleman." I do not wholly agree with this remark, being slightly sceptical about all this gentleman business. But how magnificent it sounds !

This book, however, is something more than an immensely subtle compliment, a sublime politeness, a very sensible guide-book. It is also a picture of the shiftings and adjustments of London life between 1903 and 1933. As a documented " Cavalcade," it is invaluable. M. Morand has some really important things to say about the crisis of July 1914, and what he says is invariably just, intelligent and well informed. His picture of London during the first three years of war is perhaps the most brilliant piece of writing that he has yet achieved. But it is not so much the set-pieces in his book that delight me as the incidental flashes of interpretation.

I like to be told that London smells like a damp fireplace because we are still nervous about the Great Fire. I like to be told that Wren's architecture has an astronomic feeling about it. I like to be told that we Londoners are " le plus épris d'esthétique sans héroisme ni redondance, de beauté difficile." Those last three words are very comforting, and, to my mind, extremely perspicacious. I am grateful to M. Morand for being a Free Trader in spite of Mr. Roosevelt, and for appreciating the pleasant fact that we are the least pretentious nation in the world. I am interested that he should think that we are returning to pre-war morality, and that the tiaras of our dowagers will flash again from the hard corners of Mayfair ball-rooms. I am amused that he should also have noticed that every Englishman has his hobby and that this hobby is invariably anti-urban. I am slightly distressed when he assures us (and I expect he is right) that we are losing our physical type. But I am grateful and delighted when he emits the prophecy that London will never become entirely Americanised, and that our national instinct is too strong to be overwhelmed by imitation.

This book (which must assuredly be translated into English) is informative, amusing, suggestive and unfailingly intelligent. We should all be grateful to M. Morand for having written it. It will assist us in understanding ourselves. And above all it will remove many of the misconceptions which still exist across the Channel. HAROLD NICOLSON

HEBRIDES AND HIGHLANDS

The Haunted Isles, or Life in the Hebrides. By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR. *Alexander Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.

Searching the Hebrides with a Camera. By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

To Introduce the Hebrides. By IAIN F. ANDERSON. With a foreword by the REV. KENNETH MACLEOD, D.D. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.

On Foot in the Western Isles. By CATRIONA MACIVER. *Oliver and Boyd.* 5s.

Fife, Kinross and Clackmannan : Eleventh Report of the Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments and Constructions of Scotland. *H.M. Stationery Office.* £1 17s. 6d.

The British Highlands with Rope and Rucksack. By ERNEST A. BAKER. *Witherby.* 10s. 6d.

It is one of the charges brought against Walter Scott—brought even in his own day and heyday—that he vulgarised the Highlands ; and there may be an irritating scruple of truth in it. He did, as Hogg in one of his less amiable moments complains, start the tourist traffic to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, " but that's not much." The notion that tourists, who are in general at least as blameless as Ethiopians, somehow defile a landscape belongs to the small change of snobbery that need not be considered. Scott was guilty, it is true, of being a tourist himself and " writing up " a country and people with which he had no more than a tourist's acquaintance, which is admittedly a vulgar thing to do, but that was his affair. It may have been bad for his soul's health, but it did not harm the bens and glens, for he did it very well. The bens and glens have suffered more from one juvenile poem of Byron's than from all that Scott ever wrote. It is difficult to forgive the man who was capable of writing *Dark Lochnagar*, and starting the flourishing nonsense that is exemplified in four out of the six books now under review. The Dark Lochnagar cant might long ago have expired of inanity, had it not in the 'nineties got new life from the popularity of the Glasgow School of painters and the success of William Sharp's " Fiona Macleod " hoax. (Stevenson, perhaps, was not guiltless either, but he was a minor offender. He had too nice a taste in literary humbug to indulge much in the Celtic variety, and likewise a sense of humour that was an even more prevenient grace. But his disciple, Neil Munro, was a sad sinner.) Dark Lochnagar began to sit up and take nourishment, and wax so fat that now it kicks us hard every spring publishing season. We are admonished, in tones that blend truculence with tears, that if we cannot spend our holidays in the Hebrides, go into raptures about their scenery, love and reverence their inhabitants and lament over their obscure woes, then are we damned. The road to the Isles is the way of salvation, so " take your cromak in your hand " and be saved. One thinks of Joinville's reply to St. Louis.

Here observe how the new phase sports a difference. It is largely due to Queen Victoria, who was such a victim to Lochnagarism that she made it part of the British Constitution that the reigning monarch shall reside in the shadow of the mountain for some weeks every autumn. The Royal lady meant well, but there are such things as incompatible presences. The physical Lochnagar is still on Deeside, but its Byronic aura has been removed and cast into the midst of the sea—into the Minch in fact, where it now drifts uncertainly between Skye and the Long Island. For some time it looked like settling comfortably among the Cuchullins, but then the Mallaig railway was built and one hardly needed to go over the sea to Skye at all, which spoiled the effect. The Cuchullins still do manage to hold up their bald heads. Their name helps, being unmatched for crooning capacity. But the drift on the whole is westward. If the books are to be trusted, the soul of Scotland now dwells only in the Outer Isles. Some go farther. Two or three years ago an ingenious young Scot (just down from Oxford) wrote a little book—and a good little book, too—that proved that the genuine Scotland is to be found only in the isle of Barra, which is so remote that the Reformation never reached it, and hence, like Ireland, it walks in the light of virtue and true religion to this day. There were even some latter-day enthusiasts who thought of Lochnagar shifting out to St. Kilda, but the natives got wind of it and evacuated the island in the nick of time.

That the Highland landscape has beauty and, in the strictest sense of an overtasked word, fascination, goes without saying. It is impossible for anyone who has ever known the Isles not to get some thrill even out of the worst of Hebridean guide-books. But the question arises—need Hebridean guide-books be *so* bad ? Mr. Anderson, for example, takes us on a noble voyage—from the Clyde to Colonsay, Iona, Mull, out into the Outer Islands as far as Harris and even St. Kilda, and home by Skye and Mallaig —and writes about it like a fourth form schoolboy. Miss MacIver, who takes us from Oban to the Butt of Lewis and back by Mallaig and Glencoe, writes, if anything, worse. On the other hand she is a little more practical. She does at least give a useful list of walking distances.

Is there, perhaps, some underlying deformity of spirit in the Highland landscape that infects nearly all the writing about it with vapidity and pretentiousness ? Consider the case of Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor. He has already written a good deal about the Hebrides, and now he writes a good deal more—two books, in fact, at one fell swoop, *The Haunted Isles* (mainly about Lewis) and *Searching the Hebrides with a Camera* (mainly about Harris). He has knowledge, he has enthusiasm, and he can take extremely good photographs. But, like Neighbour Flamborough, his manner of telling stories is not quite so well, for they are very long, very dull and nearly all about himself. In one of his prefaces he confesses genially to his fault, but believes he is in process of curing it. One hopes so, but doubts. He is a virtuoso in vicious writing, so many varieties has he at his finger-ends. As a matter of course he prefers this sort of thing :

> The Islands beckon me ; and I on the road to them when the day is young, the smell of tangle in my nostrils and my eyes scanning horizons, etc., etc.

Or :

> Wet are my shoes with the dew on the grass ; but I would be walking over the rocks anyway to the ancient Church of St. Clement.

But he can also do you bastard Lowland, with " forenents " and " forbys " and " pickles," ; and prime Wardour Street with " liefers " and " albeits " ; and can give a very well-informed

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★ **STARRED ITEMS JUST OUT** **GOLLANCZ**

account of Prince Charlie's wanderings in the Long Island in the most approved current English with a full apparatus of " let downs " and " up againsts " and—but no, I won't swear to " try out." And there are patches of purely personal style, as when he tells us of the Lewis skipper who was " the last of a long galaxy," or the other Hebridean, who, though a perfect lady, " begat a large family of eleven."

It is a relief to get out of the wet and the wilderness and into the " Kingdom " of Fife and the appurtenant territories of Kinross and Clackmannan, which form the subject of the eleventh report of the Scottish Historical Monuments Commission. It is an impressive document. Here is the very core of the historic Scotland. Edinburgh is a parvenu metropolis, of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Scotland began to lose her soul when her kings left Dunfermline for Holyrood. One can learn more about the national genius of Scotland from a week spent in visiting Strathmiglo, Auchtermuchty and Culross than from years of Hebridean wandering.

And now for the final humiliation of the pure-bred Hebridean who signs this article—the dismal confession that the only man of to-day who can write about the Highlands with any degree of force and understanding and decency is an Englishman. Dr. E. A. Baker's new book, it is true, deals mainly with mountaineering in Wales and the Lake Country, but his affection for Scotland is so strong that he has been unable to resist including three chapters of *paralipomena* about his Highland scrambles that will bring Skye and Lochaber to your fireside in good earnest and without the least whiff of Dark Lochnagar. DONALD CARSWELL

THE BEGINNINGS OF ARCHITECTURE

The Evolution of The English House. By SIDNEY OLDALL ADDY. Edited by JOHN SUMMERSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. *6d.*

The intelligent foreigner who has got this book in the hope of finding some sort of guide to the varieties of every-day architecture to be found in England would have reasonable grounds for complaints, for Mr. Addy treats only of the most primitive forms of house, and hardly touches even the developed type of mediaeval manor house with which most histories of domestic architecture begin. The word evolution in the title applies only to the very first phases of the process, and the great bulks of surviving work, Tudor and late Mediaeval as well as Georgian, is excluded from the purpose of the book. But if our foreigner were interested in archaeology or folklore, or even the kind of man who can take pleasure in the accumulation of fantastic information about remote ways of living—the kind of pleasure that non-experts derive from the Golden Bough, for example—he would get plenty for his money. One does not need to be an antiquarian to enjoy learning that in the early large house which was built with nave and aisles like a church, the cows were stabled in one aisle, their heads facing into the nave—it was more sociable thus—the horses facing them in the opposite aisle, while the women slept on a shelf above the cows and the men above the horses, the beasts thus serving as an elementary form of central heating. Another example of this kind of entertaining erudition appears in Gwaulas Ambreusis' description of the nocturnal habits of the Welsh

> when their underside begins to weary of the hardness of the mattress, or their upper side to get cold from exposure, they instantly jump up to the fire, from whose benefit they seek the promptest relief for their discomforts ; and thus going back to lie down and constantly turning over when discomfort prompts them, they expose, alternately, one side to the cold and the other to the hardness.

If our foreigner were a German he would find ready an expressive word for this state of affairs, " Undummheit."

This is a very frivolous way to approach a very serious book. For Mr. Addy has made a real contribution to knowledge by his skilful use of literary and documentary evidence to show the survival in certain districts of very primitive manners of building. Especially interesting is his analysis of the light house nowadays described as built on " crucks," that is consisting of a ridge pole supported at each end on pairs of inclined or curved timbers standing from the ground and meeting at the top to support the pole. He has found that the distance between " crucks " was standardised to 16 feet, the space allotted to four oxen, that is a full yoke, and that this span of 16 feet was the unit or bay of which houses were built up : one could have a cottage of one bay—i.e., a room of 16 feet with perhaps lean-to addition on larger houses of several bays but always made up of the 16 foot units. He has also traced a relation between this standardised method of building and the origin of land measurement in " perches," and even the early development of the coinage. All this is a fascinating and unique contribution, but in his excursions outside this field Mr. Addy is not quite so happy. His chapter on churches, though informative, and valuable as most of his examples of the use of churches for non-ecclesiastical purposes, are not the stock ones, is really too limited in its outlook. Indeed, this is the fault of the book. Not only is the title misleading in its suggested comprehensiveness, but throughout there is a pretension to a wider scope than the actual content of the book, both ideas and examples, mainly drawn from the Midlands and North, will warrant. It is a pity, for as far as it goes, and when it is not trying to go too far, it is an admirable book and well deserved a new edition. As to the editing, this has been well done except for the omission to notice the more recent work done in relation to early forms of dwelling, especially in the Mediterranean area. The production, with plentiful illustrations, diagrams and plans, is extraordinary value for the price. G. W.

ANGLING HOLIDAYS

Fly-fishing in Ireland. By THOMAS J. HANNA. *Witherby.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Angling Resorts of Scotland. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, M.D. *William Hodge.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

" There are two kinds of angling books," says Mr. Hanna. " There is the book which makes pleasant reading and apparently contains little that is practical except a few tentative suggestions. The other type is the book that is described as practical." I am in some doubt as to whether he would assign his book to the first or to the second category, or indeed what is the purpose of his book. The title leads one to expect to read of fishing experiences in Irish rivers and loughs, but on opening it one is plunged immediately into the technique of fishing in a series of chapters with a faintly sketched Irish background, but with little more in them to remind one of that romantic home of a wayward people.

The first three chapters are devoted to " nymphing," wet-fly fishing and dry-fly fishing. The order of the chapters is, presumably, determined by physiological considerations. It is courageous, because to many purists—with whom I do not agree—the use of the nymph is anathema. The next chapter, on dollaghan fishing, recalls the title of the book, which one had begun to forget, for dollaghan fishing is peculiar to Irish waters. The dollaghan is a new name to me ; but I am informed on good authority that this fish is almost certainly an ordinary brown trout which, in certain waters where food is abundant, grows to a great size. The next four chapters deal with flies and the dressing of flies, and the concluding three with rivers and loughs of Northern Ireland, so that here at last Irish waters come definitely into the foreground. Those who tie their own flies will find the chapters on flies and fly-dressing interesting and informative, for Mr. Hanna is evidently expert in the art and has put his patterns to the test of experience.

Whatever the purpose of his book, Mr. Hanna makes it clear that he is not writing for the likes of me. In discussing the question of flies, having poured his contempt on the man who puts up a Butcher when the Blue-winged Olive is on the water, he says : " Thereafter fly-fishing must be to that man a mere recreation. The only satisfaction he is likely to get is the killing of a few fish." And a little later : " There are many anglers who have missed the whole point of the sport, men who take a rod with them when they go on holiday once a year, spend a few days pottering about without any very clear idea of what they are doing, and then the rod is returned to its case for another fifty weeks of idleness." In the corner of my study hang four rods, a landing net, a wading pole, and other paraphernalia of fishing. They are a source of satisfaction to me when my eye lights upon them. They recall occasional days " pottering " about by the sides of various rivers, not perhaps, " without any very clear idea of what I was doing," but certainly fly-fishing as a mere recreation. Mr. Hanna is evidently one of those fortunate persons who can fish when they please, but I doubt whether he finds more pleasure in his fishing than those who seize and enjoy the occasional opportunity of recreation with a rod, though they know that as likely as not at the end of those few precious days the rod will be returned to its case and hung upon the wall for " another fifty weeks of idleness." His book is

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illustrated with some charming photographs of Irish river scenes which make me hope that I may some day potter there.

Dr. Robertson tells us in his preface that the purpose of his book is to supply information as to where one can, according to his experience, get good sport, comfort and a pleasant holiday. One half of his book is given up to a well-arranged guide to lochs and streams available for visiting anglers and to fishing hotels in Scotland.

Information of this kind is likely to be invaluable to anyone who contemplates a fishing holiday in the north and has not already decided where to go. The first half of the book is a pleasant introduction in which the author, writing from experience, warns the would-be visitor against the many pitfalls that may await him. To Dr. Robertson good fishing and good food are the prime necessities of an angling holiday. He is prepared to go without a bath and to put up with a hard bed if the essential conditions are fulfilled. He wisely warns the visitor not to go to a fishing hotel without a friend, because he may either find himself solitary in a crowd of persons well acquainted with one another or, worse still, may be paired off with the bad mixer. If he goes to a hotel he takes his " Sunday claes " with him, but he would rather not dress for dinner. He has a dig at those hotel visitors who " cannot enjoy a dinner if they are in plain clothes." Occasionally he has seemed to notice the odour of moth-ball hanging round the dress clothes they wear, a comment which reminds one of the man who tried to hire a morning suit from Moss Brothers and was informed that their stock was all out because it was the time of the Eton and Harrow Match.

Dr. Robertson is evidently a fisherman of the right type and a shrewd observer of men. He realises that there is something more in fishing than catching fish, and his little book, which will go comfortably into the pocket, will form a pleasant vade-mecum for those who are contemplating a fishing holiday in Scotland. In the matter of flies there is a point common to both these books and to Mr. Herbert Palmer's book, *The Roving Angler*, recently reviewed in these columns which interests me. Greenwell's Glory is apparently to be a fly of rather more consequence than I had realised. I must be sure to have it with me when next I go fishing.

MORYS GASCOYEN

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"THE LOW-RATED ENGLISH"

The Astonishing Island. By WINIFRED HOLTBY. Illustrated By BATT. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

When Robinson Lippingtree Mackintosh of Tristan da Cunha was cast up by a storm on the shores of an unknown island, these shores, far from being desolate, were extremely well populated right down to the water's edge, and it was not long before the boat he had sailed in was on view at a charge of 6*d*. Robinson, it may be gathered, is more of a Gulliver than a Crusoe, and his adventures on the astonishing island are full of immense sophistication and devastating familiarity. We can hardly say that Miss Holtby has given us a satire on England; she has given us England itself as seen through the eyes of a stranger. But the term " stranger " should be qualified here, and is best qualified by studying the wistful, wide-eyed, wondering face of Lippingtree Mackintosh as drawn by Batt. Mackintosh, though an intelligent, teachable fellow, is superbly innocent, not only of conditions in England, but of the general obstructions and inconsistencies in present-day life. Having once invented Mackintosh, Miss Holtby and her collaborator have no obstacle between them and an unsparing ridicule of our island customs. Robinson is able, for instance, to look on our discomforts in this refreshing way:

> The Traffic Problem . . . arises from a curious custom of the Islanders, by which they build vehicles so rapid that they can move as fast as a gull flies, then they drive them on roads so full that no one can move faster than a man walks.

And when a section of this Traffic Problem has carried him out of the town he is able to realise that we go into the country to admire the brightly coloured advertisements for food-stuffs, and to eat.

Beyond this, he discovers that the Island is divided into two sets of people—Taxpayers and Lower Classes; that home life, whether in a mansion, a studio or a suburban villa, is a painful process; that the political genius of the islanders works out into a cat-and-dog game that lands the innocent in the gutter through joining in the wrong song at an election meeting; and that in spite of exact labelling by the press, you cannot in practice find a " member of the working classes " or a " housewife." His search for these two mythical objects leads him, however, to a labour candidate from the peerage, and a home-wrecker ambiguously docketted as a True Woman. Mackintosh touches on further anomalies; he watches boys being taught to kill because this implies " learning how to die." He discovers in hospital that no two Specialists are ever allowed to say the same thing, and finds out that the Islanders' religion is their health—implying ill-health—because sickness is a great promoter of trade.

As Mackintosh learns more about our " social fabric " astonishment yields to nightmare (and even so, he has, as a visitor, been spared the troubles of Income Tax, divorce suits or tenancy laws), until the horrors of a Christmas family party drive him back at full speed to his lonely boat. If Miss Holtby's findings are unflattering, Batt's are far worse, for a picture can achieve a more savage concentration than the sprightliest of descriptive pens. Batt's designs, littered with ironical slogans, are built up of a jumble of wine bottles, treasury notes, scowling faces, permanent-wave curlers, preachers, pub-crawlers, cricket bats, and finally a skull crowned with a wreath of flowers. At the same time they are uproariously funny, and admirably clever, just as Miss Holtby's descriptions usually are.

We might consider the book lightly and say it is too obvious, or seriously and say it is too bitter; but there is no denying that it gives precisely the impression which the words *civilisation*, *modernity*, *progress* and *development* nowadays convey. These noble words have taken on an ironical twist on account of certain immediate associations that spring out on us. Civilisation means tinned foods and aeroplane travel, modernity means extravagant art and latchkey-girls, progress means reformed diet or improved wireless sets, and development means building in the buttercup-meadows. Miss Holtby, with the press as leading motive in her frolic, has used this meaning of the words, and produced an effect of unredeemed vulgarity—redeemed only, that is, by our laughter and her own high spirits. She has mocked tradition and blown on innovation. It is more significant that she has not even shown the islanders enjoying either their pleasures or the attainment of their earnest aims. Sitting in Parliament, says the labour candidate, is a dog's life. " The air's bad; the food's bad. You can't smoke. You neglect your business. You ruin your liver. And you have to live in town, and work all the year round, and everyone

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abuses you." The age of pleasure is so strenuous and such a bore withal that it is typified by the picture of a skull. And Mackintosh escapes uncertain, after this series of indictments, whether he has seen the worst.

He has not seen it; he has not even visited the unemployed. But he has not seen the best either. The fact that Miss Holtby keeps him explicitly from the National Gallery and the Queen's Hall, and implicitly from the stretches of country that still survive posters and Traffic Problem, is a hint that she selects her butts from among "buttable" features. When all is read we may laugh without malice at our astonishing island, in the happy assurance that the chief end of both collaborators has been the opposite of Swift's proposal "to vex the world rather than divert it."

SYLVA NORMAN

INTERPRETING RUSKIN

John Ruskin. By R. H. WILENSKI. *Faber and Faber.* 15s.

Acquiring the habit some years ago, as he tells us, of referring to Ruskin "on this topic and on that" Mr. Wilenski has now read the thirty-nine volumes of the Library Edition from cover to cover and has compiled this book to docket and interpret them, and to provide an up-to-date "companion" to Ruskin's writings, or, as the sub-title calls it, "An Introduction to further study of his Life and Work." While he dockets he is excellent, but his interpretations are not so satisfactory. In reading, he found "there were moments when [Ruskin] seemed a man of first-rate mental powers and moments when he seemed quite unbelievably silly," and in attempting to reconcile these two manifestations of a strange genius he is only successful in patches. He thinks of them as the natural product of a man who was at once a genius and an inveterate potterer, and on these general grounds he is convincing; though the quotations from Ruskin's writings in the midst of descriptions of his potterings always come as an agreeable shock. Mr. Wilenski rejects Mr. David Larg's theory that the whole of Ruskin's later activities were the result of subconscious resentment against his wife's desertion, "a passing-on of the indictment of Effie, a suit for nullity proclaimed against England"; but his own explanations are quite as lame. After his honest admission in the preface that "I am not a psychologist, I have no clinical experience, and I have small acquaintance with the literature of this subject," he builds up a long and flimsy argument about the workings of Ruskin's subconscious mind, loaded with talk about "manic-depressions," "malingering hysteria," "rationalisation," "persecution mania" and the "recrudescence of amorous desires." No amount of documenting (it is to his credit that he invariably gives footnote references) can make an argument convincing when it is carried on by an amateur in professional jargon. Still, he has admirably fulfilled his purpose of providing a key to Ruskin's writings. The work entailed was enormous and he has done it thoroughly. Also, by some miracle, he has written a readable book, though its cargo of pseudo-psychology always threatens to sink it; and it is not made more readable by Mr. Wilenski's habit of phrase-coining: talking of "illusionist imitative activity," for instance, when he means "copying nature."

He adopts the modish affectation of surprise at finding his subject a genius, instead of supposing him to be a genius and then being surprised when he finds the flaws in him. There is perhaps little to choose between the two methods, but it is rather too easy to get laughs out of Ruskin by the expression of fashionable sentiments. What is wanted, if there is to be any explaining, is some account of how and why Ruskin arrived at his statements, so many of which had a core of good sense. When we find him writing (in a letter dated 1881, quoted by Mr. Wilenski), "It is all nonsense what you hear of 'over-work' as the cause of my two illnesses. . . . These two times of delirium were both periods of extreme mental energy in perilous directions," we begin to wonder whether, after all, Ruskin did not understand himself quite well: for that is what Mr. Wilenski never for one moment supposes.

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IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE

Germany Under the Treaty. By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

It is no small responsibility to criticise such a book upon such a subject at such a moment, but I am compelled to admit that it seems to me a disappointing piece of potentially admirable work. Mr. W. H. Dawson is a time-honoured authority upon German matters, but he has squandered his erudition in an emotional outburst. More than anything we needed, from so great an expert, a detached and passionless statement; the greatest obstacle to the solution of the European problem is surely the ubiquitous superfluity of emotions, some spontaneous, some artificially stimulated. Many of the things that were done at Versailles in 1919 were undoubtedly shameful and stupid, but it does no good; on the contrary it arouses the defensive scepticism of the reader, to have every French action blackguarded and every German whitewashed. Why, for instance, should Mr. Dawson pick out Louis XIV as a breaker of treaties (just because Lavisse admits him to have been so) while he merely extols Frederick the Great as the noble developer of his benevolently acquired lands? Did Louis XIV never build magnificent roads, and what about those poor Sabines, the Polish girls whom Frederick kidnapped to make good Prussian wives? As for the Corridor Question, anyone who has studied the diplomacy of the First Partition of Poland in 1772, while they marvel at Frederick's unscrupulous brilliance, cannot blame him so very much less for the eighteenth-century subjection of Poles to Germans than they blame the Peacemakers for the twentieth-century subjection of Germans to Poles. Mr. Dawson seems always prepared, if Germans have been drawn into a region already inhabited by Slavs, to accept the German right to rule, but "the large and constant inflow of Polish families" into Upper Silesia in the nineteenth century he apparently finds negligible because it depended upon an industrial development which was due to "German skill, enterprise and capital"—the Germans, after all, had acquired this district in good time for the industrial revolution. Is it really justifiable to subject Poles to Germans because Germans are more "cultured"? At that rate might not the French or the Jews submit a claim to rule the world?

Several other indictments cannot go unrecorded. Mr. Dawson, as I have implied, sometimes confuses racial with economic arguments; it is clear that if the new Slav States were to emerge at all in 1919, the economic framework of 1914 had to be upset.

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Again, the actual date of Mr. Dawson's observations is seldom clear; to appreciate the value of such statements one needs to be given month and year, for the slump has brought rapid changes, and nowhere more rapid than in Germany. Mr. Dawson, moreover, presents the forbearing view of the German Social Democrats, and it is nearly always their opinions which he quotes. Now that Social Democracy is dead in Germany, to present such views is obsolete; one can only regret that Mr. Dawson did not complete his examination of Germany's lost lands, if not in time to help Stresemann, in time to help Brüning. While Brüning was Chancellor and English opinion was swinging round to Germany, how invaluable these facts about Eupen-Malmédy or the Saar or Memel-land would have been, especially with Mr. Dawson to present them. He is eloquent in the matter of Danzig's historic independence, but Nazi Germany, which has trampled on the whole conception of federal autonomy, is now its greatest menace—did not the "stones" of Munich "cry out" against the swastika? Now indeed Nazi Germany is treating its political opponents at home as harshly as ever the French and their allies treated their national enemy in the full tide of victory madness, and it has become clear, even to Dr. Rosenberg, that the majority of Englishmen are finding themselves in startled agreement with Sir Austen Chamberlain.

A Polish spokesman recently remarked that "the Polish Corridor in German revisionist policy to-day is but one of the initial links in the chain leading ultimately to the fullest realisation of the conception of a *Mitteleuropa* under German hegemony." This is unfortunately true, and if Mr. Dawson has been lucky enough to escape revisionists of this kind even in the Weimar days, I can but envy him; their numbers, and their arrogant contempt for all things Slav, exercise a very real check upon one's natural sympathy for Germany. I am surprised, too, that Mr. Dawson should have so much to say about the Franco-Polish military alliance, while he professes ignorance of the notorious military alliance between Germany and the Soviet Government.

Germany under the Treaty is an appeal to England's sense of justice, yet only too often it reads like a pamphlet directed against France. Versailles has seen insolence other than that of M. Clemenceau. Was it necessary, for instance, in 1871, to choose Versailles as the place where William I of Prussia should be declared Emperor of Germany? We should never have heard the end of it if Napoleon I had insisted upon an imperial coronation at Potsdam.

E. W.

PLACE NAMES

The Place Names of Northamptonshire. By J. E. B. GOVER, A. MAWER, and F. M. STENTON. *Cambridge University Press.* 18*s*.

The publications of the English Place-name Society may well seem very dry bread; and for every thousand, perhaps even ten thousand people, interested in mystification by crime or the loves of lido ladies, only one will be interested in the solution and beauty of such complexities as "Moreton Pinkney 83 F 6. Morton (e) 1086 D.B. et passim (juxta Assbeby canonicomm) 1317 Ass. (Pynkenye) 1346 Cl." which might easily be a clue to hidden treasure or the work of a mind working out its crime by algebra. The layman, coming upon a volume of place-names, will merely turn to the place in which he was born or in which he lives, noting what changes that time has made or what little change it has made on a name as familiar to him as his own. He will be equally astonished that what was Haregrave in 1086 is Hargrave to-day, and that the Asinciran of c.980 is the Thorpe Achurch of to-day. And very likely he will not believe it. Yet, if he is an old man, he may still use a pronunciation that his forefathers used and be laughed at by his grandchildren for perpetuating it. In the Nene valley men still refer to Isthlingborough as Artleborough, not suspecting that they use the sixteenth-century form. The compilers have had the good sense to secure here, for the first time, the co-operation of "some two hundred of the elementary and secondary schools in the county in the collecting and recording of field-names as they exist at the present day." This has added some spice to what is admittedly rather plain bread. But how far from complete this field-name record is it is hard to judge; certainly one could name dozens of field names in districts where only one or two are given by the authors, who do in fact seem to be conscious of the incompleteness of their record. But this is the only blemish on a splendid volume, the task of compiling which must surely have been colossal. It ought to be read by all those who travel England in search of such lovely names as

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Cornwall and the Cornish. By A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN. *Dent.* 6s.

Mr. Jenkin has won for himself the position of Cornwall's principal contemporary historian. His *The Cornish Miner* has attained the status of a classic in its kind. The present volume unaffectedly tells the story of everyday Cornish life from Elizabethan times onward; and many readers will be struck by the "un-English" psychology disclosed. The average Cornishman and Cornishwoman of to-day are, of course, outwardly much like the rest of us; but, examined a little more intimately, we still find that queer blend of quick-wittedness and obstinacy, of cunning and courtesy, of self-preservativeness and emotional abandon, which those who have long lived among them have generally been forced to recognise.

Mr. Jenkin, in this volume, is concerned more with the past than with the present; but he euphemistically suggests the persistence of the traits of mind and character I have enumerated. The Cornish coast is now pretty much in the hands of visitors, or "furriners," and those who minister to their wants. But in the old mining areas further inland may still be found evidence of the mental attitude of the Cornish people of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The two outstanding events in Cornish history during the last couple of centuries are undoubtedly the development and decline of tin mining, and the invasion of the county by John Wesley. It is the story of Wesley's crusade and of its direct consequences that constitutes, perhaps, the most interesting section of this book. In telling the story Mr. Jenkin is not unduly preoccupied with the narrowly religious aspects of the propaganda. Many a modern tourist will enter sympathetically into Wesley's one-time protest to his companion, as they were riding together: "We ought to be thankful there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food." The great missioner found the prestige of organised religion in Cornwall at its lowest ebb. The Church was as good as dead; and yet so great was the enthusiasm called into being by this remarkable man that to-day there is scarcely a hamlet in Cornwall without its little Wesleyan chapel—not a few of them built by the unpaid hands of those who first worshipped in them. The Cornish local preachers have a niche in history all to themselves. Stories both of their zeal and of their humour are innumerable; and many typical ones are told in Mr. Jenkin's book. These men took a true artist's pride in their work. When I was in medical practice in Cornwall, some thirty years ago, I remember my young groom boasting of his brother's increasing accomplishment as a preacher and a prayer. "He do never come out of a house where he's been praying, but he do leave every body in the house sobbing like babies." Miss E. B. Vivian, of Camborne, gave Mr. Jenkin a vivid account of the manner of a celebrated local preacher, Soli Stone, who always took off his coat when preaching in warm weather, "in order to give his arms more freedom." "Now, bretheren," he would exclaim, "I'm going to tell 'ee this evening a bit about heaven—'eaven! why what do a passel of people from up Troon knaw about 'eaven? Howsomedever, let's ask Abr'am 'bout it, 'ee ben up theere a braa while. Hi theer! Abr'am!" (placing his hands to form a trumpet, and straining earnestly towards the ceiling), "what soort of place is 'eaven. Tell us a bit about it, can 'ee?" "Glory upon glories, my son," came the solemn reply. "Oh that so; es a?" said the preacher, continuing the dialogue; "why I thoft as much, but these 'eer Troon people wouldn't believe it. Now, my friends, let's hear what 'Lijah got to tell us"; following this up with, "Come down, thou great Jehovah, and bring thy stone hammer along with'ee and scat the hard hearts of this wicked and perverse people." On another occasion, in a West Cornwall chapel, the preacher announced the opening of his sermon with the solemn words: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Immediately a look of incredulity passed over the faces of the congregation, and on his repeating the text for the second time flesh and blood could stand it no longer. "'Tes nothen' more than a great strammin' lie what thee'rt telling," cried out an indignant farmer. "We do all knaw well enough that your father's house haven't got but three rooms in it—and one of them's no bigger than a pig's crow." This particular form of art still throve when I lived in Cornwall a very few decades ago; but I expect that it is now to be ranked among the curious and antique.

Mr. Jenkin has an entertaining series of chapters on Cornish folk-lore and superstitions, more than a little of which has contemporary validity. Charmers still practice their craft and, in spite of the sceptics, still obtain results which science as yet has neither explained nor explained away. As our author tells us, however, "of Piskies and giants, the average Cornishman of to-day knows little and cares less. He has probably never visited the holy wells and prehistoric remains which lie but a few miles from his door, has never seen a Cornish chough, nor heard of its associations with King Arthur." He leaves all those to the "furriners." His own interests are more sternly practical.

HARRY ROBERTS

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Cartels and Trusts. Their Origin and Historical Development from the Economic and Legal Aspects. By Dr. ROMAN PIOTROWSKI. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

If economists were better historians and historians better economists both these branches of knowledge would certainly advance very much more rapidly than either of them is at present able to do. But as a rule the theoretical economist will have nothing to do with history, and the historian is prone to regard economic history as the merest *parvenu*, and to relegate it to a quite subordinate place among historical studies. It can be said for Dr. Piotrowski that in this book he does attempt to approach the problem of industrial combination from a historical standpoint, and to make plain that there is nothing novel save in scale in the forms of cartel and trust organisation which most economists regard as characteristic of the current phase of economic development. Dr. Piotrowski has no difficulty in showing that cartels and trusts are as old as industry or commerce on any significant scale. He finds them among the Phœnicians, among the Greeks of Asia Minor, under the Roman Empire, and again developing powerfully in the Middle Ages from the thirteenth century. In fact he brings out clearly that the period of *laisser faire* which followed the mechanical inventions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was but a brief interval in the long record of industrial combination of every sort and kind.

So far Dr. Piotrowski's book is of undoubted value, and the reading of it will be thoroughly salutary for those economists who have confined their studies to the purely modern forms of cartel and trust organisation. To the economic historian Dr. Piotrowski has far less to offer; for he attempts to cover an enormous field in a very inadequate space, with the result that he is able neither to give a sufficiently detailed account of the older combines which he describes, nor to set them adequately against the historical background of the periods in which they arose. Moreover, even of the available space Dr. Piotrowski devotes a quite undue proportion to splitting hairs with German economists who have written of late years on the problem of industrial combination. Most of his strictures on these economists are largely justified. In particular he is quite right in urging, as against many of the modern German

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writers, that the attempt to secure a monopoly, at least in some degree, is characteristic of practically all forms of combination, and certainly of both the trust and the cartel in their normal forms. But a good deal of his controversy with his fellow-economists could well have been spared in this volume in favour of a fuller treatment of the historical instances which he gives; and in particular he quite fails to cover adequately, in accordance with the promise given in his title, the legal aspects of the problem. At the conclusion of his book he promises a further volume discussing the methods of State regulation of industrial combinations, and it is possible that this weakness on the legal side is to be remedied in this further volume. Meanwhile Dr. Piotrowski is to be thanked for breaking new ground, and attempting a historical study of industrial combination which is badly needed. But he has done no more than open up a vast field in which it is to be hoped other scholars will follow him to better purpose.

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Twice Round the Clock. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. *Benn.* *12s. 6d.*

London Scene. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. *Cobden-Sanderson.* *10s. 6d.*

Mr. Stephen Graham sees the clock, and Mr. Massingham the year, round in London. Mr. Massingham's is much the better book—"a book to keep"—and yet many who know London well or want a vivid impression of it will prefer the unpretentious Bohemian journalism of Mr. Graham. He gives us the conventional Cockney sketches, smacking of Farringdon Street and Mr. Augustus Sala, visits to markets, dance-halls, railway stations, and the dismal binges of the early hours. He plays skittles with Mr. A. P. Herbert, he pays tribute to the East End, and with his illustrator at elbow he provides the Low-and-Terry view of London to which our newspapers have accustomed us. Oh, for a whiff of Binstead! one is apt to exclaim, as Mr. Graham goes blithely on. "The author hurls a cheese": his illustrator has snapshotted the moment. Well, well, it is not every reader who has hurled a cheese, and probably the Grub Street adventures of the fortunate Mr. Graham will please.

Mr. Massingham has kept a seasonal diary of one year spent in London. He shows the countryman's attitude at once, for his chapters are divided according to the months of the year. In this framework he ambles delicately, examining his perceptions and setting them out in careful prose, slant-eyeing the Cockney (sublime mystery!), and picking up such crumbs of Nature as his twelve months of London infrequently offer. Rather forlornly he feels that he is missing something—the Spirit, perhaps, of Something. There is the tendency, too, of the countryman to sentimentalise a "London Town"; not that Mr. Massingham so crudely does that; but why, for example, does he always refer to the Thames as "London River," and once even (worse still), as *Tomlinson's River*? It is the countryman's, and the literary countryman's, view. But Mr. Massingham has spent years, on and off, in London! He gives us then the subtle sentimentality of a man who knows a town well, who leaves it for the country, about which he writes books, and then returns with the definite object of writing a town book. He does it very well; but the basis is sentimentality rather than sentiment. So at least it is apt to appear to a Londoner. But Mr. Massingham has brought a vivid eye and a graceful pen to the task. *London Scene* is certainly one of the best books of its kind that have appeared in the last year.

G. W. S.

AN HONEST MAN

The Progress of a Ploughboy to a Seat in Parliament. By WILLIAM COBBETT. Edited by WILLIAM REITZEL. *Faber and Faber.* *7s. 6d.*

Cobbett was called the True Englishman, but he was more than that; he was an honest man; a man brave enough to be disliked. In his *Progress of a Ploughboy* he tells of his struggles and successes, without once doubting his own integrity, denouncing rogues and petty cheats, full of admiration for the toils and pleasures of the country, and moreover, giving excellent recipes for long life and health: "As we were going up the hill," he writes in the account of a wagon ride from Philadelphia to New York, "I could perceive him"—the driver—"looking very hard at my cheek. . . . He said: 'I am wondering, Sir, to see you look so fresh and so young, considering what you've gone through in the world.' . . . 'I'll tell you,' said I, 'how I contrived the thing. I rise early, go to bed early, eat sparingly, never drink anything stronger than small-beer, shave once a day, and wash my hands and face clean three times a day at the very least.' He said that was too much to think of doing."

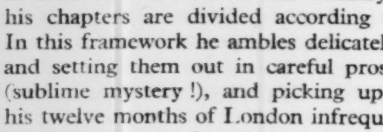
He writes charmingly of his youth; of how when aged some eleven years he led the hare hunters a dance by dragging a red-herring across the scent of the hounds. These childhood days, and the eight or ten years that follow, make perhaps the best reading of the book.

In a delightful passage he describes the first meetings with his wife. "I first saw my wife in New Brunswick. She was thirteen years old. . . . I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in the company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. . . . About three mornings after I had first seen her, I had got two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' I said. . . . From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her being the wife of any other man . . . so that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of my fate."

Throughout the volume Cobbett remains himself, though so rapidly changing in station, a man of such strength, such perseverance, that one turns to him as to a refreshing draught.

One cannot do better than read this book and steal a little of the courage of William Cobbett, the ploughboy of Farnham, Member of Parliament for Oldham, who was in his life a good lover and a good hater, and what is perhaps of more importance, a good writer.

FRANCIS POWYS.



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SHORTER NOTICES

On Foot in Devon. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Maclehose.* 5s.

Mr. Williamson is here a truculent guide to the country of his own books, but his gruffness will no doubt attract more readers than it frightens off. He has the heavy masculinity of Hemingway, but lacks his humour and introduces a close relative of that terrible Old Lady out of *Death in the Afternoon*—the most tiresome device a fine author hung round his own neck. But it is too robustious of him to give us to understand that he can drink thirty-six pints of beer in an evening without feeling the effects next day. It is not surprising Mr. Williamson should find no memory of Stephen Reynolds among Brixham fishermen. Reynolds lived with the Woolleys at Sidmouth.

See for Yourselves (A Field-Book for Sightseers). By EDMUND VALE. *Dent.* 5s.

Mr. Vale's advice to the sightseer is "Let the self go on small things." Admirable direction, which the rest of his book amplifies. *See for Yourselves* is divided into two parts: the first for home-reading, the second for use on the spot. This plan works out admirably. As a handbook on English architecture and the countryside, with asides on anything from a dance of Redskins to the Anglesey lore about Arthur, Mr. Vale's can be recommended. It is well illustrated with pen sketches by Ruth Hutch, and fits the pocket.

Carrick Days. By D. C. CUTHBERTSON. *Grant and Murray.* 7s. 6d.

We recommend *Carrick Days* to all who are about to visit the Lowlands of Scotland. Plenty of books have been written about the Highlands, but few about the Lowlands, which are as attractive in their way. Mr. Cuthbertson has gathered into less than three hundred pages many of the old stories and histories of Carrick difficult of access to the passing visitor, together with his own gleanings from talk with Carrick folk. He is an easy-going and pleasing *cicerone.* An index would improve the book.

Try Back. By A. HENRY HIGGINSON, M.F.H. *Collins.* 25s.

Cross-Saddle and Side-Saddle. By E. V. A. CHRISTY. *Seely, Service.* 12s. 6d.

When the author of *Try Back* encountered Mr. Isaac Bell at a Meet of the Cattistock (Dorset), the occasion, as the latter pointed out, was history. "I don't suppose," he said, "that two Americans, both Masters of English packs, ever met before in a British hunting field." Mr. Higginson had just been made Master of the Cattistock and in the course of his narrative describing his thirty-eight years of hunting he recalls how, "raw" from America, he visited the Cattistock, when "Parson" Milne was Master, in 1912. This was the second of his visits to the home of foxhunting from which he was anxious to take back as much experience as memories, for the benefit of his own "Middlesex" hunt in the United States, where the English foxhound formed the basis of his kennels. The parts of Mr. Higginson's book that delight most are the excerpts he gives from his diaries and contemporary notes describing days in the field, especially those letters which were written to American friends during hunting visits in England, when a sort of wonderment allied to enthusiasm kindles in his descriptions almost the flame of Whyte-Melville. *Cross-Saddle and Side-Saddle*, as a handbook for riding, takes its subject in the completest detail with the intention of catering for the absolute novice as well as the partially schooled horseman and horsewoman. Mr. Christy's thoroughness gives the impression that the bridle never leaves his grip while he illustrates his points with the handle of his whip.

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The Romance of the Bank of England. By KATE ROSENBERG and R. THURSTON HOPKINS. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15s.

From an enthusiastic Foreword contributed by Viscount Snowden it appears that he expects this "fascinating story" to give critics of the Bank of England "a more intelligent foundation on which to base their criticism," if it does not convert them altogether. It is not easy to share his optimism. A good popular history of the Bank of England, with a clear explanation of its functions in national and international finance, would be very welcome to-day; but this volume falls a long way short of that useful role. The authors spend some seventy pages on a sketchy and jejeune account of the rise of moneylending and banking in England, describe briefly the founding of the Bank and a few notable "runs" and other episodes in its history, and then wander off into a maze of anecdotage. We are told, in a chapter on "The Machine at Work," that "the whole mechanism of the money-market . . . revolves round the Bank of England as its focus"; but a reader coming fresh to the subject would receive only a very vague and imperfect idea of how the Bank fulfils that function, or of how and why it came to do so. Some of the anecdotes about bank-note forgers and other "Bank Miscreants" are fresh and amusing, though marred by slovenly writing, and there is a good deal of interesting detail about the Bank's premises, old and new, together with some good illustrations; but the chief impression on closing the volume is, with all respect to Viscount Snowden, that of a great opportunity badly missed.

We have received the following books too late to review in this number:

The English Countryside. By E. C. PULBROOK. *Batsford.* 10s. 6d.
English Country Life and Work. By E. C. PULBROOK. *Batsford.* 12s. 6d.
Old English Household Life. By GERTRUDE JEKYLL. *Batsford.* 12s. 6d.
Touring England by Road and Byway. By S. R. JONES. *Batsford.* 5s. net.
Touring London. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. *Batsford.* 2s. 6d.
Tramping in Style. By B. H. HUMBLE. *Grant and Murray.* 5s.
A London Year. By H. V. MORTON. *Methuen.* 6s.

THE BRITON AND HIS MOTOR CAR

TEN years ago a wealthy eccentric of my acquaintance decided to buy his first car. Cynical about trade recommendations, he wrote to twenty-five of his friends, inquiring what their next car would be. Twenty-four of them named a different make to that which they owned at the moment. The twenty-fifth specified the make which he already had. The eccentric consequently bought the twenty-fifth make. It chanced to be the only bad British car still in production, and the consultee had only remained loyal to it because he was impecunious, knew a director, and could get this particular car at a very special price. (The firm put up its shutters three months later!) This humorous episode exhibits an element in British psychology. In cars, as in many other things, we are strongly individualistic. We like something different. Our 1933 car may be magnificent, but for sheer love of change we shall probably buy a different make next year. Our dearest crony may have a Morris, and swear by it; but just because Jones is our crony we shall probably insist on buying an Austin. We break the hearts of the sales experts imported into this country from America to build up big business. In the States they trot out their eighty-four talking points, memorised at the annual dealers' conference; they snaffle their man; and they suspect themselves of growing senile if they fail to retain a given customer for a long term of years, selling him the new model every season. In Great Britain the agent knows perfectly well that if he manages to place a Rolls-Royce with us in 1933 we shall assuredly revert to a Daimler in 1934. This individualism of ours is not particularly

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"The Romance of Scotland" (Free)	"Scotland" (Free)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

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good for trade. It tends to disintegrate the industry into a number of unnecessarily small concerns, which can never manufacture as cheaply as a few colossal plants. Economic pressure has concentrated the trade into fewer hands of late years, but efficiency demands a further reduction, and the slump has thus not been wholly unblessed to the trade, as many of the small and extravagant factories have gone under. But the evil does not end there. Our incurable faddishness compels makers to list hosts of models. Henry Ford established his huge business on a single model, the famous "T." He sturdily refused to vary a single split-pin of his standard chassis, and in his most melting mood he never gave more than three body options on it. And for many a long year he forced a world public to accept the very same chassis, which resembled the laws of the Medes and the Persians, in that it altered not. The twin results were that the car-buying public got a 22 h.p. car for £77, free on rail at Detroit, and Henry Ford got £25,000,000. Such methods will not succeed in England, where Sir William Morris catalogues twenty-seven separate Morris cars, not to speak of his twenty M.G. models and nine Wolseley types. If Henry Ford were operating *de novo* in this country he would have to adopt Morris methods, or fail.

The other keynote of British cars is a pure accident. When a long defunct Government turned covetous eyes on the baby-motor industry in search of revenue, it decided to base its taxation on horse-power. Largely for sporting reasons the R.A.C. had evolved a horse-power formula for determining handicaps in competitions. The Government casually and ignorantly adopted this formula for taxation purposes, and it has dominated the industry ever since. That the formula bears absolutely no relation to the actual power of a car (since it ignores piston stroke and compression ratio) is immaterial. But it happens to limit the popular car to an engine of very small cylinder bore; and this type of car is not particularly suitable for overseas conditions in countries possessing roads less perfect than our own. It has thus added enormous complications to our export trade in cars. Our industry has scored remarkable triumphs in the teeth of these obstacles, and at long last has raised its small-bore engines to such a pitch of excellence that they sell freely abroad (where tariffs permit) against cars designed by other nations on a purely scientific basis, with no arbitrary or accidental limitations. Oddly enough, this horse-power formula prevents British motorists from falling in large numbers for the best cheap car in the world, the V8 Ford, which in these islands is afflicted with a tax equal to 12 per cent. of its list price—just as if the tax on a Rolls were over £200 per annum.

In America a car is regarded as an instrument of transport. Our tradition is rather to regard a car as an instrument of sport. But this atmosphere is changing. The American never took any technical interest in his car, or in the driving of it. He would hang on to top gear with his engine knocking, and if his car demanded a gear change he grumbled, and clashed his gears. A Briton, until recent times, was proud to call himself an "owner-driver," enjoyed spending his leisure on tuning his car, bought innumerable gadgets to increase the power or economy of it, took a pride in his driving skill, and would sooner be caught in adultery than muff a gear change. But the roads are crowding up, and the engineers keep inventing devices for making the control of a car foolproof. So to-day the Briton is gradually being converted to the "transport" school, and coming to resemble the American, who regards his car much as he regards a boot-scraper. We are buying cars with automatic gear changes, and entrusting all our service jobs to paid mechanics. The technical enthusiast is becoming scarce; he still lingers in the competition world, but where funds permit he is transferring his passion to flight, and the motor car is sinking to the level of the train. This profound change is visibly reflected in our motoring journals, which are developing into colourable imitations of the shilling fiction magazines, and reducing their technical contents by leaps and bounds.

Incidentally, the motor car has exerted a profound influence on the national life. It has built a host of road-houses, and is even stirring the deep slumbers of the British hotel-keeper. It is coaxing the urban populations farther and farther away from their work. It is forging closer links between country and town. It has swelled to a factor in evolution, and only those who are agile and alert survive in our streets. It is opening new chapters in the science of crime, and providing young manhood with a pack of new materialist ideals, whilst it furnishes the plutocrat with yet another channel for ostentation, and so exacerbates the growing resentments of the poor.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 25.—THE STAGGERED SPIRE

The tiny spire of Spofforth Church rises from a square tower, but not from the middle of it. The main road, which is quite straight, runs parallel to one of the faces of the tower (so far, at least, as this problem is concerned), and each corner of the tower is surmounted by a pinnacle.

One day last week Professor Tiza took me for a walk along this main road, and when we came to a certain milestone drew my attention to the fact that from where we stood two diagonally opposite pinnacles were in line, and the spire looked as though it were just half-way between that line and one of the other pinnacles. We walked on for 510 yards (which he measured most tediously with a surveyor's chain) where there was a wayside shrine, from which we saw that the spire was now apparently in the middle of the tower, while 210 yards further on, at a signpost, two diagonally opposite pinnacles were again in line.

When I inquired of the Professor the reason for his careful measurements, he said that since he knew that the tower was 34 feet square he could now tell exactly where the spire stood in relation to the four pinnacles.

How far is the axis of the spire from that of the nearest pinnacle?

PROBLEM 23.—GO-HON

Only BAD-EGG answered Go-Hon's three questions correctly.

Go-Hon asks three questions and hence there are $2 \times 2 \times 2 = 8$ possible sets of answers. By assuming, in turn, that each possible set of answers is correct, and deducing how the soothsayers fare with reference to each assumption, the answer is fairly easily arrived at.

Some solvers claim that it is not clear that the soothsayers' warnings against their colleagues' mendacity *do not* refer only to the questions arising from the dream. I do not think there should really be any doubt. For (1) the King specifically includes in his "terms of reference" the veracity of the soothsayers; (2) the mention of *twenty-five assertions* in the statement of the problem implies that all of these have an equal status; (3) on the wrong assumption, there is no intelligible answer.

The *ten true assertions* are:

That the King will soon die (Num-Skul, Bad-Egg and Sez-U).
That the kingdom will continue to prosper (Long-Ear, Bad-Egg and Bat-Eye).
That O-Kai will not succeed Go-Hon (Bad-Egg, Bat-Eye and Sez-U).
That Sez-U will lie thrice (Bat-Eye).

Given that these ten assertions are true, the other fifteen are false.

Some comments on this problem:

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PROBLEM 22.—GENERAL LAUGHTER

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to: "Pert," 63 Catherine St., S.W.1. Will "Pert" please send his name?

There were 110 correct and 7 incorrect solutions.

Seven points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES ON THE CUMULATIVE POINT BASIS

Prizes have been despatched to the following:

F. Addison, L. H. Longley Cook, Sir Henry Fountain, H. M. Hutchinson, E. F. Raney, F. L. Snow, D. A. Ziegler.

A number of other claims have reached me and are in process of verification.

Solvers must forgive me if there is a delay of a week or two, as the work involved is considerable; but I hope to clear off all arrears very shortly.

N.B.—(1) *Solvers who have obtained a prize are now handicapped 20 points.* (2) Odd points scored by solvers in excess of 100 are deducted from this 20 points handicap.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

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Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE CONFERENCE AS A NUISANCE—THE IDEAL STERLING-DOLLAR RATE—THE SILVER RAMP—THE AUSTRALIAN CONVERSION DANGER—GERMAN DEFAULT.

THE lover of irony will find much to please him in the World Economic and Monetary Conference. While lip service was being paid by Prime Ministers to the virtue and necessity of international co-operation in monetary affairs, the Americans were "banging" the dollar and talking of a free gold market in New York with $30 for an ounce of gold (meaning a devaluation of the dollar by 33⅓ per cent.). Actually, the dollar depreciated on Monday to over 4.20 to the £, but commercial buying has now restored the rate to 4.10. This is not the place to dwell on the other ironies of the Conference—the ostrich-like behaviour of the American delegation on the appearance of war debts and the welshing behaviour of the German Government at the sight of creditors gathering together—but it is becoming clear that the stock markets in London as well as in New York now regard the Conference as a nuisance. Without any attempt at international co-operation, the prices of primary products have risen in dollars by 41 per cent. and in sterling by 11.6 per cent. since February 22nd, while the wholesale price indices have risen in Great Britain by 5.8 per cent. and in America by 12.6 per cent. Opinion in the stock markets is therefore inclining to the view that the world trade revival has begun and that the recovery in America will carry the rest of the world forward—unless the dollar depreciates faster than dollar prices rise. What is wanted at this juncture is not a conference of sixty-six nations, but a heart-to-heart talk between the authorities in Great Britain and America on currency stabilisation.

* * *

The public should be made aware that Mr. Montagu Norman is in secret conference with other Central Bankers. This is always dangerous. The immediate peril is that Mr. Norman, in his anxiety to return to gold, will commit the British Government to accepting a rate of exchange disastrous for our export trade. This point has been argued in the monthly report of a well-known firm of London stockbrokers from which we quote the following:

> Everything depends upon the stabilisation of the dollar and the pound. If it is possible to agree upon the principles of stabilisation, is it practicable for Great Britain and America to agree upon figures? A return to the 1928 level would involve in wholesale prices a rise of nearly 60 per cent. . . . and it would involve a rise of nearly 30 per cent. in the cost of living, which would probably necessitate in this country a rise in wages. Now America has effected a much greater adjustment in its wage rates than Great Britain. If we base the exchange rates on the comparative wage-levels, by taking the wage-indices in the two countries to-day as compared with September, 1929, when the pound was overvalued by at least 10 per cent, we find that the sterling-dollar rate ought to be 3.60. As wages are the most stable element of our costs it would be hazardous in the extreme for Great Britain to agree with America upon a new exchange parity at a higher figure than 3.60. Yet the American authorities are said to be wedded to the idea of a 4.00 rate of exchange.

This firm of brokers would compromise with a rate of 3.80 to the £, which appears to be a sensible proposal. If we are to benefit from the rise in the American price-level it is essential to peg the dollar-sterling exchange.

* * *

At a later stage of the Conference we shall hear proposals from the American delegates regarding silver. Much nonsense has been written on this subject in the Press, and the source of the nonsense can be traced to commercial interests. Two silver-tongued spokesmen are Sir Robert Horne and Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen. The first is Chairman of Burma Corporation, the world's greatest silver-lead-zinc mine, and the second is Chairman of British-American Tobacco, whose trade in China and the East is highly important for its shareholders. They argue that the slump in silver has been a contributory factor to the world depression, that the purchasing power of China has been terribly restricted because silver is its principal store of wealth, and that it is essential for the India Government to stop selling silver and for all the Governments to take concerted action to raise the price of silver. It is, of course, untrue to say that silver is the principal store of wealth in China as it is to say that gold is the principal store of wealth in Great Britain. The wealth of China consists of the capital assets by which production for export and internal consumption is made possible. These capital assets are almost exclusively land, with a certain amount of manufacturing plant in the international settlements. True, if China had vast hoards of silver, an increase in the price of silver would increase her purchasing power abroad, but, according to the Chairman of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the hoards of silver in China are inconsiderable. And there is no relation between silver hoards and bank credit in China as there may be between gold stocks and bank credit in this country. On balance China has probably benefited from the slump in the price of silver, for the export of Chinese produce has been stimulated. China always exports more goods than she imports. The export surplus is usually settled by the import of silver. A rise in the gold price of silver would therefore mean that less silver would be required to balance China's trade—which is not a "bull" point for the silver producers. It is not a rise in the price of silver, but of silk and other produce which will restore prosperity to China. But the ignorant talk which we may expect on the subject of silver will undoubtedly stimulate speculative buying of Chinese bonds and Burma Corporation, to which we have previously drawn attention.

* * *

The Commonwealth Premier may be telling the Australian people of the wonderful success of their conversion loan in London—the 3½ per cent. five-year Loan opening at ⅛th premium on its issue price of 99—but actually he should be confessing a defeat and giving a warning of the financial dangers ahead. That Australia should not be converting its debt on to a long-term, lower interest basis in a period of cheap money is criminal, but the Australian statesmen dare not tell their people that a long-term conversion loan cannot be raised in London on better terms than 4¼ per cent. That is why the Commonwealth Government is taking refuge in short-term issues and dealing piecemeal with the high interest loans. The 3½ per cent. five-year conversion bonds dealt with £11.4 millions of 6½ per cent. State loans, but there are also £32.2 millions of 6 per cent. loans, £5.9 millions of 5¾ per cent., £9.8 millions of 5½ per cent., and £24.6 millions of 5 per cent. loans, amounting in all to £72.5 millions, which can be called at any time. For the good of Australia these loans should be converted for a long-term period on the best terms available. To deal with them by issuing five-year notes is piling up trouble five years ahead, when money may be dearer and the export seasons may be bad. We do not know whether much importance should be attached to the theory of Professor Brookner, who has shown that periods of unusually good rainfall come in an average spacing of thirty-five years. Professor Brookner prophesied bountiful years between 1925 and 1933 followed by years of lower rainfall. A dry season this year is not expected, but it is evident that Australia cannot expect a continuance of the good seasons which she has enjoyed for the last three years. For the moment there is no need to be anxious over the Australian overseas debt service. In the eight months of the current financial year (up to February) the export surplus has amounted to £13.4 millions, which, with gold exports of £13.2 millions gives a favourable balance of £26.6 millions. At this rate Australia will be able to cover her external debt service and add to reserves, but it must not be forgotten that £9 millions of the gold exports of £13 millions represent gold from the gold reserves of the Australian Notes Fund. The unpleasant fact remains that, without an appreciable lightening of the external debt burden, Australia in a bad season will find it difficult to meet her overseas debt obligations.

* * *

The Nazi Government will go down to history as the champion defaulters of the slump. Most debtor countries went to the point of exhausting their gold reserves before defaulting, but the German Government, by obstinately clinging to an unreal gold standard and by repaying a large Central Bank credit which it need not have done, has gone out of its way to avoid paying its foreign debts. In previous Notes we have referred to the decline in the export surplus; but even with the present boycott of German goods there is sufficient export surplus to provide for the service of the Dawes and Young Loans, which were assigned priority in exchange remittances under solemn international agreements. Dr. Schacht may take the attitude that a debtor cannot discriminate between his creditors, but that if the creditors agree among themselves to assign priority to certain loans he will meet their requests. But Dr. Schacht knows perfectly well that the German Government committed itself to assigning priority to the bondholders of the 7 per cent. Dawes and 5½ per cent. Young Loans. We have no doubt that on the representations of creditors these two loans will now be excluded from the transfer moratorium. The Potash Loan apparently does not come within the terms of the moratorium as the service is met directly from the proceeds of the foreign sales of potash.

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Edited by S. P. B. Mais

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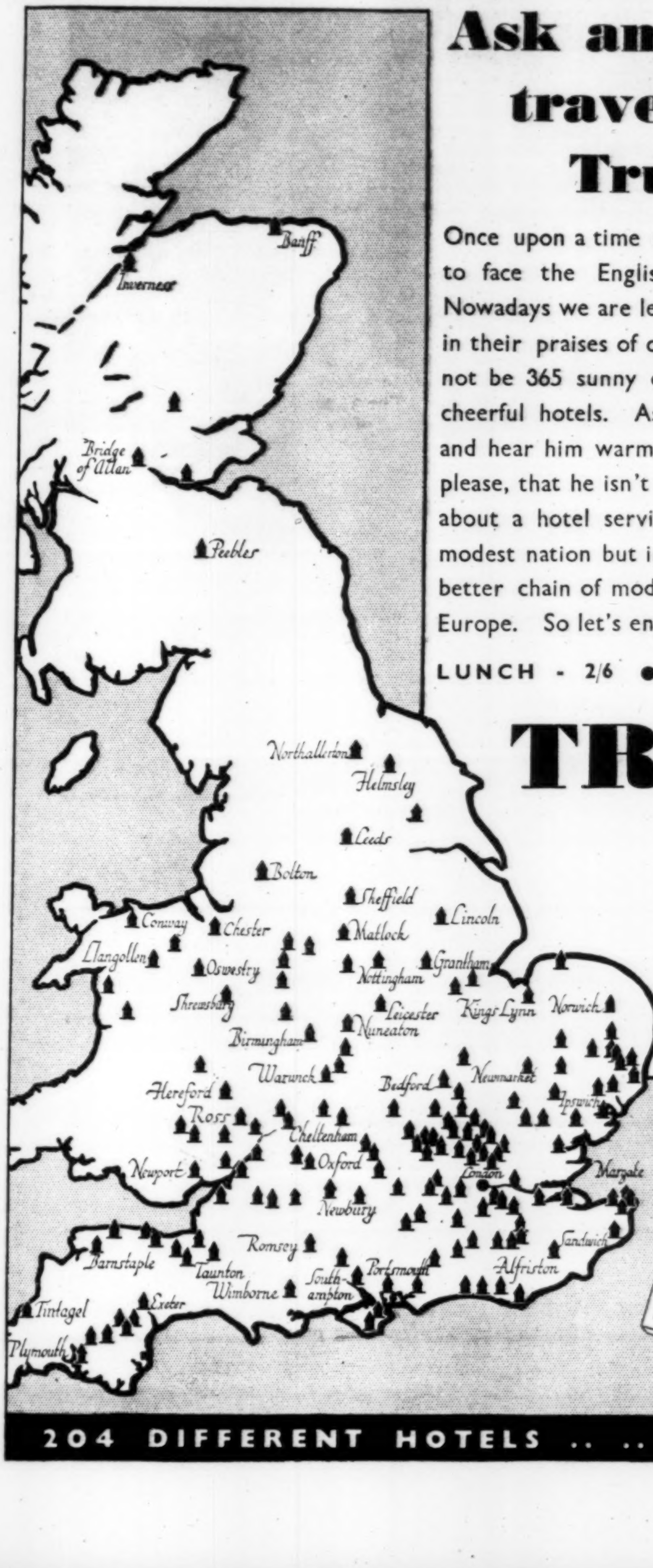
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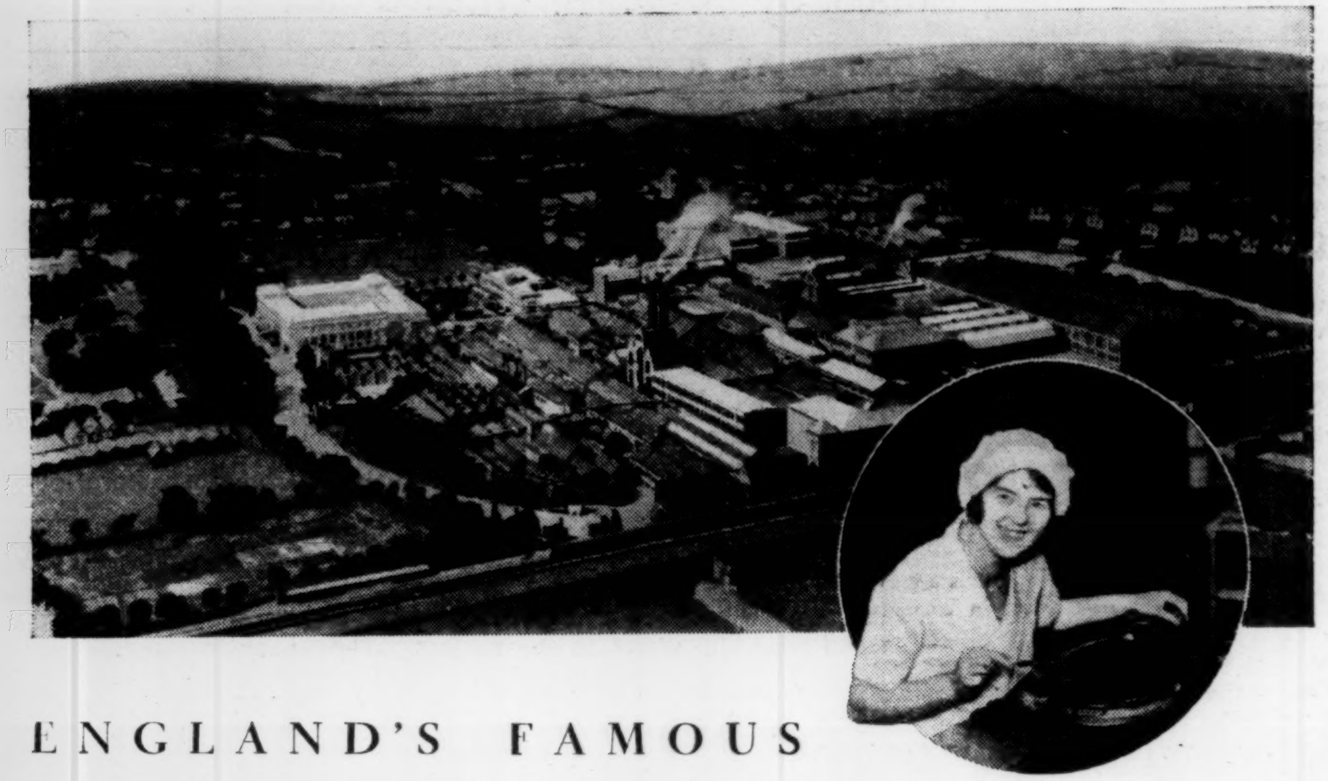

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ENGLAND? WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS . . .

By G. J. RENIER

Coming to England is an adventure. Not an unpleasant adventure; indeed, it is the exhilarating contact with the unusual. You will not glide in a railway coach which rests on your native soil one moment and next on the territory of the neighbour you are visiting. After crossing the sea or flying through the air you will suddenly be deposited upon that strange island anchored off Europe where you will find yourself among a population acutely aware that it is not of Europe. Your arrival will be like waking up to a different life. The old man and the old existence are left behind, because the land that is other has been entered.

Now follow me warily, for there is a great test to be undergone. The wise people who, in ancient days, decided to dwell in the happy land where roast pigs trotted about with cruets in their ears, fried ortolans flew within reach of one's hand, and pêches Melba could be plucked off the roadside hedges, were not at once admitted to this perennial festival. They had to eat their way through a mountain of rice-pudding, and more than once surfeit tempted them to return to the everyday world where harvests must be raised in the sweat of man's brow. But what a reward for the tenacious and capacious!

Or, if you prefer, it is the ordeal to which candidates to secret societies such as the Carbonari used to submit. They were dreadful ordeals by fire and by darkness. But remember, they could be overcome, as the rice-pudding could be eaten through. Presence of mind and a sound constitution, my fellow-foreigners, will guide you unscathed through the examination by the "Aliens' Officer." Remember, we continentals are psychologists. We can make allowances for the abnormal mentality of the "Aliens' Officer" who deals with us when we land in England. Let me whisper something in your ear. It is not really you who will be standing the test, but he. He is a useless ornament, and he knows it. He knows that the world's trade would flow more briskly were he not at his post. He knows that international amity would fare better without him. So he must justify his existence. Help him by treating him kindly.

There is a strange rule in English justice, happily unknown in most continental countries. It is that a prisoner is deemed guiltless until his guilt has been proven. But this strange rule does not hold at the mighty tribunal where the "Aliens' Officer" presides. You have the guilty intent of depriving a Briton of his livelihood till you prove your innocence. Strange questions will be asked. You will silence the questioner by showing yourself to be the holder of a return ticket and the possessor of enough money to enable you to subsist independently during your sojourn. But do not produce too many letters of introduction and recommendation. They will compel the officer to say: "How suspiciously well prepared you arrive at this interview." And do not speak English too well. He will find it difficult to believe that you have not been in this country before, or that you have not specially trained in order to get employment in the British Isles. Come unprepared, and speak as the spirit moves you.

And bear this in mind: the English are charming, courteous, trusting people. Even the Aliens' Officer was a nice, clean-limbed Briton once. But could he remain impervious to daily contact with hundreds of foreigners? Make allowances, therefore, speak gently, smile, understand, forgive—and let your English be atrocious.

Now you have been allowed in, and you step into the train that is waiting. Step, mind you, for you need not climb. Throughout England the floors of the carriages are at the same level as the station platform. The English dislike exertion except in the service of pleasure and sport. Your third-class compartment will be cushioned and comfortable, because inequality has so eaten into the marrow of the Englishman's bones that he requires no outward sign to proclaim its reign. And after a pleasant ride through the loveliest country imaginable, varied green, and, somehow, touching, you will reach your destination, untired and ready for new experiences.

Experiences and sensations will not be denied to you. Everyone will help you to accumulate them. You are in a privileged position: you are a foreigner. It is perfectly true that the foreigner is an inferior being. But nobody will ever tell you so to your face. You will be allowed the greatest latitude, you will not be expected to conform to any code of behaviour, provided you do not infringe the law. Not being an English gentleman, you need not observe the rule that one does not talk to a stranger unless there has been an introduction. Speak, and you will be answered. Dress as you like, because even if you dress like an Englishman no one will take you for one. But there is one reservation. Do not wear spats when you wear plus fours: the Englishman cannot bear the sight of this juxtaposition.

If your health is drunk, remain seated, bow to the right and left, but do not drink. I know it seems funny. But would you believe it?—the English consider us funny when we stand up and drink the cheerful cup with the friends who toast us! Don't you agree that their amusement is even funnier than their custom? You need not trouble to hide your amusement at this or anything else. It would be suspicious to do so. The silent Englishman knows that the foreigner is vocal, and would wonder what is amiss if you remained silent.

There are a few minor points where this otherwise unbridled license for foreigners should be used carefully. Ask the policeman's advice before you walk in Hyde Park after dusk. Do not smile at a lady you do not know, either in the street or in a train. And if, looking for a seat in the train, you reach a compartment in which a lady is seated alone, hasten on to the next.

You will find England rich in speciments of art, native and foreign. You will be able to see foreign choreography and to listen to excellent continental music. The food will be simple but wholesome, and there are places where it is perfect. You will be told in the next pages of some of the things this country holds in store for you. And there will be one never ceasing cause for wonder, a spice that will enhance the taste of everyday. You will see a nation that suffers from trade depression like any other, but hides it; that is governed by people who are human, and therefore fallible, but does not seek salvation in the strange political nostrums elsewhere adopted. You will find that there are in England no helots by birth, and that people here agree to differ. You will see the English who are children in life, boys in love, adults in politics.

Do come to England.

IT COSTS VERY LITTLE TO SEE LONDON

By G. W. STONIER

THE guide-book, referring back to Mr. Gladstone, will tell you that the best way of seeing London is from a bus—"from the top of a bus, gentlemen," he said to a party of American tourists in 188–. The bus then was horse-drawn, routes and vehicles were few, so that Mr. Gladstone was advocating a sort of Derby Day tour of the streets. And admirable it must have been! But you can't do it now. As one new type of bus succeeds another, as it gets easier to climb upstairs and more difficult to leave a comfortable seat (soon, no doubt, we shall be given hat-racks and ash-trays), the scenic outlook grows steadily worse. You are, in fact, no longer on the top of a bus, because there is a crushing weather-top hooding everything: a window admits draughts; buses herd and plunge together; and Oxford Street from the top of one is like a constricted Ganges seen by a mahout from the middle of a gang of bathing elephants—exciting, perhaps, for a time, to the curious visitor. Bus rides have acquired a specialised interest for those who collect tickets, who study the backs of heads or the *argot* of conductors. There is the mystery of the traffic problem, the stream checked and parcelled by lights; the attraction of seeing into upstairs windows—a hairdresser's salon is suddenly alongside, embarrassingly open to gaze, as the bus halts; segments of views, as in a film. These appeal chiefly to the specialist.

But you, tourist, *mon semblable*, need something easier and better. Pick out among buses, as you would among monuments and churches, the oldest, the derelict; these remain open to all weathers and ply a hardy free-lance trade on eccentric journeys. (When it is wet, of course, you will be grateful to Lord Ashfield for his covered models.) One rattles, I believe, all the way from Charing Cross to Hadley Woods. Go all the way; it's fatal to chop and change. The long journey will give you an idea of London's extent, and in a sense all parts are typical. Or get a bus anywhere and ask for the East End. A plump matron with two daughters clambered on at St. John's Wood. "Isst End," she said to the conductor with a grin. The daughters looked at the conductor with the freshness and delight of people travelling abroad. They all looked at one another with enjoyment. The conductor frowned. "*Which part?*" he demanded. "Isst End," said the lady promptly. This time she laughed and the daughters joined in. Other passengers began to wake up. *Which part?*—this was serious! Sprechen sie Deutsch? Parlez-vous français? Shakes of the head. "Isst End."

Buses offer the only cheap seats for seeing London. There are no outdoor cafés, except Oddenino's (three tables) in Regent Street; Antoine's (three tables) in Charlotte Street; the terraces of the Zoo and the House of Commons. The public-houses with backyards on the river (at Greenwich, Wapping, Hammersmith and the Isle of Dogs) are, alas! inaccessible for strangers. You cannot both sit down and see London. The bus, closed or open, is therefore indispensable.

I take it for granted that you will not miss the free sights which your guide-book recommends: the changing of the Guard at Whitehall, the Parks, the National Galleries in Trafalgar Square and Millbank, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, St. Paul's. London gives more free admittance to its principal buildings than any other city in Europe. The best bird's-eye view is from the dome of St. Paul's and, nearer earth, the Monument, and from the heights of Greenwich, Parliament Hill and Primrose Hill. For those who can afford it there are aeroplane trips over London arranged by Imperial Airways. The Thames can be seen by river-boat, and in its lower reaches from the paddle-steamers which ply between Tower Bridge and Southend. The last journey costs five shillings return and is the best way of enjoying the river, besides providing a cartoon of English holiday-makers for which you would have to go to Hogarth or Rowlandson to find the equal. Note the English habits of travelling *en famille*, the mother alternately giving the breast to an infant, and the Guinness bottle to an older child; the father, however, possessing the right, as among the larger apes, of walking about the deck, surly and stand-offish, *by himself*; of clubbing up with other prowling males and making for the bar;—which opens, by some divine sanction, the moment the boat leaves the quayside, while on land the official dry hour still holds.

And you must walk: if you don't, you'll never see anything. Our peculiar inarticulateness does achieve its astonishing if shabby expression in the streets. The different tides of the day: the early rush hour, the furious or languid circulation of shoppers according to time and district, the criss-cross of a business street, the lunch siesta in gardens, by-roads and courtyards. Most of all, the hour of release, from six to seven in the evening, when all these people pour out of shops and offices, faces thawing for the first time in the day, bodies moving with a whole-hearted energy and not a mere tense preoccupation. You will come to the conclusion that English people hate their work; and you will be right.

The social contrasts of the streets are often extraordinary. Beggars, unemployed, clubmen, expensive prostitutes walk without incongruity along the same pavement. Our sentimental explanation of this is that we make no class distinctions: that is quite untrue: we make the distinction as violent as possible and then take it for granted. Hence, you will find the worst slums next to the richest quarters, and a backstairs livelihood, or the lack of it, behind every fine house. No beggar can make his way in London unless he dresses up as a sentimental grotesque.

At the moment there are two spectacles which attract the attention everywhere in London: the unemployed, with their clean boots and chokers, sniffing round the work of others, and smoking all they can pick up; the erection of vast new buildings, flats, offices, banks, which are paid for by goodness knows who and rented by nobody. Only the banks are occupied. No Londoner ever comments on this. Everything seems to be going smoothly, everyone is most respectable.

This isn't what you want to see on a holiday! No, of course not; but unless you want to become more English than the English, you can't avoid it. Your enjoyment of other things in any case will preponderate.

Walk, then, by the river: this is the part of London least known to its inhabitants and most deserving of knowledge. The two easiest walks are along the Chelsea Embankment, with its view of factories, and Battersea Park across the water, and along the Albert Embankment opposite Millbank. The last can be magnificent—as impressive as any river view in Europe. For these walks it is best to choose high tide for the day and low tide at night. When it is dark, or nearly so, and the river is a ruffled black jelly, the mud-flats at Lambeth, the anchored barges in midstream, the orange lights of Westminster Bridge seen beyond the paler discs of the Albert promenade (this gradation is present whenever the atmosphere is at all damp), make a scene which is picturesque and moving, and the more satisfactory because no painter could copy it without botching the sentiment. One may condemn the picturesque in art, but not in nature. No amount of bad art can spoil a sunset.

You will find, too, the fascination of streets near the Thames (in Greenwich or Wapping). One can't see the river, but it is there.

Or take a walk to Cumberland Market (near Mornington Crescent), a disused corn-market which was once an important centre and adjoined a pool off the canal where barges unloaded. The pool is built round and gone to weed. The posts and chains and cobbles of the market remain—a big open square sloping a little on its hill and undulating evenly in furrows like a bed-quilt or well-irrigated field. On three sides of the square the old two-storeyed houses are unchanged; to the north, erected a few months ago, is a great college of workmen's flats built of khaki brick and enclosing a playground. (If you are interested in housing and slum clearance, there are new blocks of workers' flats, some of them quite good to look at as well as cheap, in Kensington, St. Pancras, Marylebone and Bethnal Green.) Before the appearance of the flats this old square, with its low houses and cobbled space and a few people walking across, had the quiet beauty of a seaside town: it gave that impression always—a delightful one for this part of London.

The walk is still worth making from Euston Road along Osnaburgh Street to the market. You pass two charming, if neglected, garden squares of the same low big-windowed houses on the way. There is the view, too, from the market, of the pinnacles of St. Pancras station in the distance, fairylike in mist: the only view of St. Pancras which is likely to please.

Remember, in London, that you will do best if you look for urban landscape and not for architectural pattern. On the whole, too, those areas which have "gone down" socially are better than those that have come up.

Sightseeing is a savouring of relics: old buildings, old customs, the life that has dropped out. Sunday provides the visitor to London with a good spectacle of the resurrection of the past. Old people, and queer younger ones, emerge in their Sunday best, like figures in a caricature, like dead butterflies, into the sunlight. They move cautiously yet comfortably, sunning their black, opening sunshades as they pass through the streets reflected in the windows of closed shops, and make their way to the parks and avenues of trees. Few of them now go to church, but otherwise they retain old habits. They give a prim, demure leisure to the English Sunday. What happens to these people during the week? They slog away, I suppose, in small shops, sit in retirement at home, or pass unnoticed in the busy hours. Sunday brings them out with its armistice of quiet streets. A brougham or two are still to be seen, usually in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Lace curtains, gloves, sticks, ten-years-old fashions—there are more of them about than one imagines. Is not this more fascinating than a museum?

Glut the eye, and it will cost you very little. But if you are bored distraction may prove expensive.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

It is impossible to give a complete list of the Summer Schools and Conferences organised by political and non-political bodies of every kind. The Travel Association, Kinnaird House, 1 Pall Mall East, S.W.1, provides a full list of non-political gatherings. Foreign visitors interested in various aspects of British politics may be glad to know of the following Schools not included in that list. The National Peace Congress, Oxford, July 7–10th (National Peace Council, 39 Victoria Street, S.W.1): the Liberal Summer School, Cambridge, August 3rd–8th (42 Parliament Street, S.W.1); the Fabian Summer School, Frensham Heights, Farnham, July 29th–August 26th (11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1); the I.L.P. Summer School, Digswell Park, Welwyn, August 5th–19th (Lanark House, Seven Sisters Road, N.4); the Socialist Summer School, Victoria College, Westbury, Wilts, July 29th–August 19th (E. Crump, 3–246 Great Colmore Street, Birmingham); the Federation of Progressive Societies Summer School, Stratton Park, Micheldever, Hants, July 29th–August 4th (Room 21, St. Stephen's House, S.W.).

The International Friendship League (113 Queen Road, Brighton) has holiday centres in many parts of the country where visitors can enjoy a group holiday at very moderate cost, and a Summer School in co-operation with the Workers' Educational Association at West Hoathly (Sussex).

Details of Summer courses at Oxford and Cambridge for English and overseas students can be obtained from the Board of Extra-Mural Studies of the Universities.

THE PRESERVATION AND DESTRUCTION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

Almost the first feeling one gets about England is a sense of its minuteness. There is so little of it that we feel considerable surprise if we do not on our journey through it either see the sea or taste the salt tang of a sea-borne wind every few hours. No English county is so far inland as to remain unvisited by the sea-gull.

It follows that any spoliation of its natural beauty by incongruous architecture, demolition of trees, or erection of unsightly hoardings will leave a more noticeable scar than would be left on a bolder, larger landscape. So rapid has been the spoliation during recent years that one authority has gone so far as to say that there will be no countryside left to spoil in fifty years' time if the present rate of destruction continues. One reason for this is, of course, economic. As Professor G. M. Trevelyan says: "It generally pays someone to destroy beauty and it generally costs something to save or to replace it." It has even been suggested that one whole county should be given over for the destroyer to work what havoc he will within that one county.

But the matter is not so simple. Since, and probably owing to, the coming of the motor-car the Englishman has discovered both the beauty and the variety of his own country. When he has been especially moved by a splendid landscape he has quite naturally wished to have that inspiration always before him, and if his means have allowed he has built himself a house there. It has seldom struck him that the building of the house has caused the beauty to disappear. Presumably each dweller in the colony on the Sussex cliffs above Newhaven known as Peacehaven is a lover of the Downs, but the making of Peacehaven proved the undoing of the Downs at that point. The Downs are no longer there. All the sea-coast towns of Sussex are pretty well at bursting-point. They cannot spread southward into the sea, nor northward over the Downs. They are therefore bound to expand east and west. This means the transformation of a number of individual and picturesque villages into standardised suburbs of the towns that absorb them. The irony of it is that these towns still retain their own characteristics, but are unable to communicate them to the areas that come under their wing.

This process of urban expansion entailing rural absorption is not of course confined to Sussex. Wherever there is a town the surrounding villages lose the character that marked the days of their isolation, and in return for facilities in the matter of drains, light and rates which they probably do not appreciate, are compelled to forfeit their birthright. When people regard the village in which they live merely as a dormitory to return to each night from their work in the town they are hardly likely to contribute anything to the communal life of that village or to be influenced by it. And as the Englishman is a countryman at heart this urbanisation and suburbanisation warps his outlook and stunts his growth.

But the spoliation of England is not confined to a series of concentric rings round towns that need expansion. There are also roads radiating from every town like ribbons from a maypole that continue this new tradition of ugliness.

Not that a straight wide road is in itself ugly. It is outside the English tradition of winding high-banked lanes, but it is not necessarily ugly. What is both ugly and formless is the series of uninspired houses that the builders have chosen to erect on the sides of these great arterial roads. If England were to be judged on her suburbs and her arterial roads there would be little defence for her. Luckily the great mass of traffic swoops unswervingly by and the heart of the country is left at peace. Beauty still reigns, but she has to be sought for. She is not in the highway and seldom in the town. She evades the haunts of men, and particularly those "spots" labelled with her name.

It is distressing to find among the lovely green stone houses of Westmorland here and there a bungalow of crude red brick which is alien to the landscape; or to find a genuinely old village ruined by shops as heavily draped with glaring tin advertisements as a coster with mother of pearl, or by even more glaring and more crude petrol pumps, or by the most crude and most glaring of all efforts to be "up-to-date," that of bestowing a mock antiquity on the new by labelling it as "Ye Olde," or by painting plaster to resemble oak beams. There is undoubtedly a series of unpleasant shocks waiting for the sensitive traveller in England.

But—and this is the only hopeful thing about our otherwise alarming profligacy with regard to "the amenities"—we do now generally recognise vandalism when we meet it and realise that it is not merely uncivilised to put ugliness in the place of beauty, but short-sighted from the business point of view. Gradually we are learning that efficiency and seemliness tend to go hand in hand, that orderly planning and architectural good manners are in fact good business, and that our national estate—like any other property—needs forethought and regulation if it is to survive with credit. We realise that we are and have long been recklessly careless of our heritage, but even now we do little more than deplore the fact, though we are most of us aware that a certain body of persons is actively concerning itself on our behalf with our present and future welfare in these matters though as yet with little more than our tacit approval rather than with our grateful support.

That body is, of course, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, which with its sister organisations for Wales and Scotland, is doing what it can to prevent unnecessary and selfish disfigurement and to provide well-ordered development in the interest of all of us, the shareholders in what might well be called "England's Beauty Limited."

This council, which is the co-ordinator and clearing-house in these matters for all organisations having similar aims, such, for instance, as the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Town Planning Institute, the Scopa Society, the Design and Industries Association, the Central Landowners Association and a hundred or so more affiliated or constituent bodies, is just as active and as effective as public opinion and support will allow it to be—*and no more.* Wherefore it is necessarily very largely a propagandist organisation—having to spend a large proportion of its energy and resources in educating the country up to a level at which it will see the value of the services offered and make real use of them, and further reinforce it with yet more energy and resources for intensified propaganda and yet more direct and helpful intervention.

And what are these "services"? So manifold that we can only quote mere headings seriatim from the last monthly Report:

Legislation and Proceedings in Parliament (where the Council has its own "Amenity Group" and spokesmen), Rural Housing. Joint C.P.R.E. and R.I.B.A. Advisory Panels (practically the whole of England is covered by these panels freely accessible to all who contemplate building). Code of Courtesy for the Countryside. (It is recognised that town-dwellers sometimes need "Instructions for Use" when hiking or otherwise at large.) Town and Country Planning. (The Council is in close and constant touch with the Ministry of Health and all bodies directly concerned with the working of this Act.)

Parks and Open Spaces. Electricity Transmission Lines. Petrol Pumps. Advertisement Control. Wild Flowers and Plants. Conferences. Exhibitions. Lectures and Addresses. Country Reports. Finance and Membership. Roadside Amenities.

Well, then, when you are next discussing the rape of England with anyone, and your interlocutor says "But why isn't something *done* about it all?" (as nine people out of ten will), just tell him that exactly as much *is* being done as Englishmen desire and that if only one in every ten (or even in a thousand) desired something more to the extent of joining the Council or otherwise supporting it—why, then we should soon begin to look a little more like a civilised country and less like a mining camp.

The address of the Council is: 17, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1.

TRAVEL ON FOOT

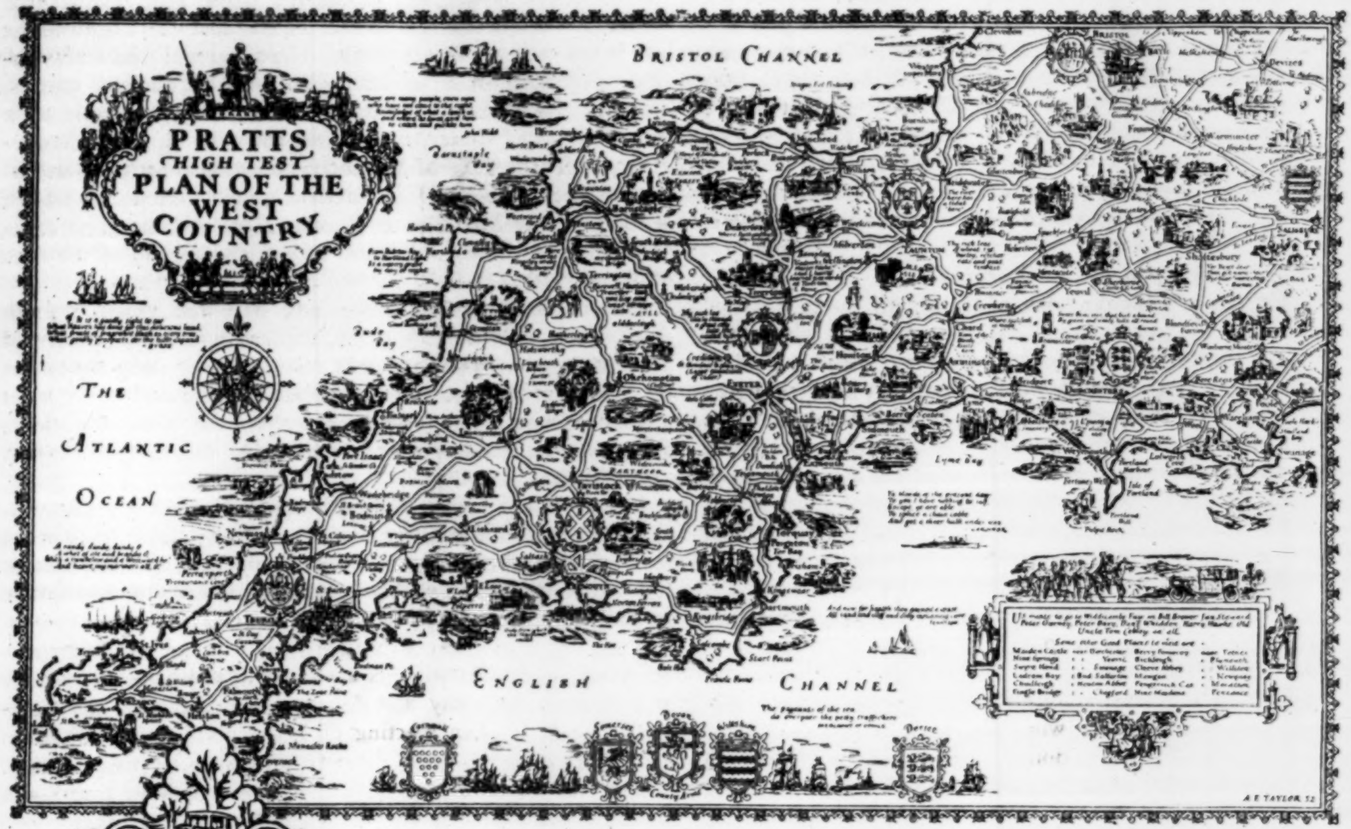
By S. B. P. MAIS

The most understanding and the most illuminating of our writers on the countryside—Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson, and Edward Thomas—have all been walkers. They not only walked. They walked slowly. They loitered. They selected a small province and made it their own. Hudson always made a point of reading the maps and guide-books *after* he had visited a new area. By continual contact with nature at all seasons of the year they became more and more sensitive to the harmony of line and colour and sound about them.

To-day walking in these islands is increasing in popularity, but not a great number of people walk alone. The average person, as the result of being in constant contact with other people at work all through the year, distrusts his or her own company, and can do nothing without the companionship of others. So clubs of walkers are formed, and from every large station every Saturday and Sunday morning large groups of walkers may be seen starting off. The first noticeable thing about them is their dress. Those who walk in groups appear to think it essential to dress the part. Men wear berets and shorts and carry rucksacs and walking sticks. Girls are hatless but also wear shorts, and carry rucksacs and walking-sticks. The result is not aesthetically a success. Neither shorts nor grey flannel trousers suit the plumper female form. Nor is it more comfortable to walk in shorts than in a kilt, which is becoming to most girls. But my main grievance against groups of walkers is not that they dress oddly, but that they see nothing. They travel to be sociable, not to discover the country, walking across fields like a girls' school in crocodile, or the lady in white kid gloves, missing so much and so much. They talk of cabbages and kings and occasionally of sealing-wax and what she said to him. Rather oddly they even break into song. Their fiercest anxiety is about tea, which is nearly always expensive, dilatory, inadequate and uncomfortable.

But they do cover the ground. What I like about the Youth Hostel Association is that it encourages people to get off the highways and wander over the footpaths in search of the remoter parts of England and Wales. The hostels are farms and country houses dotted about all over the place where members may put up for a shilling a night. So far as I can remember they have to bring their own sleeping bag and their own knife and fork. The advantage of the hostel is cheapness and the fact that it encourages a spirit of camaraderie among strangers. It is not luxurious. There is a chain of hostels across the north of England, along the Pilgrim's Way from Canterbury to Winchester, and from the West of England along the Welsh Border to Liverpool. Derbyshire is particularly rich in them. Scotland has a separate Youth Hostel Association of its own.

Perhaps the best way of exploring England on foot is to make a zig-zag trek west to east, starting along the ridge of the South Downs from Eastbourne to Hastings, returning eastward along the Pilgrim's Way from Winchester to Canterbury, once more facing west along the Icknield Way from Dunstable, under or on the crest of the Chilterns and Berkshire Downs as far as Marlborough, then making across the Cotswolds to the Peak District and so criss-crossing the Pennine until eventually the Roman Wall is reached. To follow in the steps of Henry VI after his defeat at Hexham until his capture at Clitheroe, or in the steps of Charles II after his defeat at Worcester until he escaped from Shoreham, or best of all to follow Prince Charlie after Culloden until he escaped to France: these are the routes that will reveal the real Britain, and nobody ever dreams of taking them. Trace our rivers to their sources, explore our



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A British *Holiday this year*

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forests, walk along the towing-paths of canals, take the ancient trackways of the earliest tribes over the hill-tops and you will discover a Britain of which the train-traveller and motorist know nothing. This sort of travelling will bring you into contact with the sort of people that William Cobbett met a hundred years ago, and that A. G. Street writes of to-day. You will study industrial conditions at first hand and discover just how much the English farmer has to contend against. The walker puts up in farms and feeds with the family. He is given in each county the special food of that county, and encounters local manners and customs. He exchanges the news of the world for the news of the village.

Presuming that you start in Kent, the county in which one lands from the Continent, you will find yourself in a land of orchards and hops, riddled with field-paths, and as paths are a necessity to the walker you will enjoy your wanderings here. Visit Cobham for its own sake and for Dickens' if you happen to like Dickens. Its church contains the best set of brasses in the world and it is set beautifully among woods and downs. Explore bits of the Pilgrim's Way. Parts of it, just to the west of Wrotham, for instance, have been ruined by bungalows.

Visit Penshurst for Sir Philip Sidney's sake, and Knole and Leeds and Ightham Mote for the sake of their beauty of architecture. Wander along the white cliffs of Thanet and try to capture the mysterious spirit of Romney marsh (remember, too, the poetry of John Davidson). Cross the border into Sussex and after visiting the marooned ports of Rye and Winchelsea, walk the whole length of the South Downs, about sixty miles; because the turf is the softest, because the air is the sweetest in England. You have the sea on your left hand and the weald on your right, and occasionally you will descend to visit a castle—Arundel, Bodiam and Hurstmonceux are three of the finest castles in England—or a village. The Downland villages are all that Kipling makes them out to be. Do not leave Sussex without walking across her five forests, from Crowborough to Horsham. You will see, within twenty-five miles from London, woods that were old when the Romans came.

North of Sussex lies Surrey whose North Downs still retain vestiges of wildness, but Surrey's chief glories are her heaths and commons, and in this county I should concentrate on the walk between Dorking and Guildford, and that across Chobham Common.

Hampshire is more variable. On no account miss Gilbert White's home of Selborne, which still retains its eighteenth-century quietude. Just over the hill is Chawton, the home of Jane Austen, and a few miles farther on is Winchester, once the capital of England and possessing a fine cathedral. The trout streams here, the Test and the Itchen, are crystal clear; and you are on the borders of the New Forest, a magnificent ground for walkers, where you may roam under the shade of these trees over a million tracks and never repeat yourself. Lovers of bird life, of trees, of butterflies and moths, of riding and hunting the stag, will not easily tire of this once royal hunting ground.

Dorset lies to the west, and here the architecture changes to warm yellow stone. You will notice the big dairy-farms, exquisitely ornate gabled Tudor manor houses, and rich meadows. The walk along the coast from Purbeck to Lyme Regis is fuller of colour than any other cliff scenery we possess. The cliffs change in colour from jet black to silver, from scarlet to gold, from saffron yellow to emerald green. A little inland lies Dorchester with its vivid reminders of our earliest ancestors at Maiden Castle, of the Romans and of Thomas Hardy, whose genius was such that we have come to accept Wessex almost entirely through his interpretation of it.

Of Devon's beauties it is difficult to speak quietly. The whole of the Devon and Cornish coast is attractive for its picturesque fishing coves, curious-shaped rocks, and rich wooded combes. The moors also are good for walking and almost trackless. Dartmoor is wilder, its granite tors seem older, it has more relics of most distant ages. It contains more watercourses and it is boggier. Exmoor's advantages are that it is nearer the sea and that it harbours the red deer. In Cornwall the lure is not only of the sea-cliffs. Here you will find a remarkable succession of grand churches and of ancient crosses. Turning eastwards again through Somerset, you should walk from Athelney (where Alfred burnt the cakes !), across Sedgemoor, where the Duke of Monmouth burnt his boats, to Glastonbury where St. Joseph of Arimathea landed. Hence by way of Wells over the Mendips to Wookey Hole and the great caves of Cheddar to Bath, which still retains the dignity of the days of Beau Nash.

East of Bath lies Wiltshire, and here the green, smooth downs are dotted with stone avenues and stone circles of great antiquity. You may walk eastward here along the ridges on a wide green track as far as Bedfordshire and never meet anyone except a stray rider or a shepherd with his flock. I should describe this walk as the most charmingly English you will find.

In the eastern counties of Suffolk and Norfolk and Lincolnshire you will find it better to cycle or go by bus. This is the land of magnificent churches and rich farms, but fen land is flat and trying to the walker because he is more or less forced to keep to the roads.

Turn again west through Leicester, Rutland and Warwickshire and you will discover the heart of the hunting country and Shakespeare's England. Just south of this lie the Cotswolds, again ideal walking country, every village of which has some gem of architecture in church, cottage or manor house. When you get to the banks of the Severn or Wye turn north up the Welsh Border and you will find another enchanting sort of architecture, the magpie-coloured, half-timbered, half-whitewashed houses of Leominster. Here are the apple and cherry orchards of Evesham, a long succession of Border castles and some fine hills, the Long Mynd and the Stiperstones being the best for the walker. This is the country of *The Shropshire Lad*, and a little east on the other side of Staffordshire lies the Peak District, a grand limestone country of dales, stone walls and grouse moors.

The landscape grows grander. Almost at once to the north we are in Yorkshire, a paradise for the walker, so long as he makes for the Dales, the best of which is Swaledale, with their waterfalls, magnificent ruined abbeys and old castles. To the east are smaller dales and jolly hills close the sea; to the north the much wilder ridge of the Pennine, where you may walk all day and meet no one; and to the west the Lake District, where you meet more walkers than anywhere else in England. For those who like scrambling up and down hills of 2,000 to 3,000ft., with glimpses all the time of water and more peaks, there is nowhere in Britain to touch the Lakes, for everything here is accessible and in conveniently small compass.

And so at last we come to the Roman Wall, and after that to the Cheviots and the Scottish Border, both excellent walking country. North of this, in Scotland itself, it is obviously essential to take a train or car to the area you want to walk over, but it is worth remembering that in this much wilder land of the Highlands there are one or two walks of outstanding merit which will help you to get to the heart of this much less easily negotiable land. Walk south from Fort Augustus over the Corrievarrick Pass, where Prince Charlie's army once marched. Walk east from Aviemore over the Larig Pass under the shadow of the Cairngorms, walk from Glen Affric Lodge to the Five Sisters of Kintail, and walk north from the Sina Glen by way of Glen Lyon, and Loch Rannoch to Loch Ericht, and thence on by any route you like to Mallaig and the Isle of Skye.

What have I left out? Wales, an admirable country for climbers, and for lovers of old castles. Carnarvonshire in the north and Pembrokeshire in the south entirely eclipse the rest of Britain in medieval fortresses. I see, by the way, that I have left out the castles of the Northumbrian coast.

I have at any rate given you enough country to walk over for a year, and not a yard of it is dull.

EXPERIMENTS IN AGRICULTURE

DEAR MONSIEUR ——,

So you want to put to the test some of the assertions I was making to you in Rome about the manner in which agriculture is being recast in England, where some individuals are so taking advantage of modern science and machinery as to be able to produce profitably at the latterday run of prices. You reproach us with having thrown our farmers to the wolves of world competition and point to the shrinking of our rural population as a canker in our State. Well, I won't argue the case again; our men left the land because they could make more money elsewhere; you bent your policy to maintain the peasant, though every year was showing that his single-handed struggle with Nature could no longer compete in a world dominated by power mechanics and organisation. We are changing our policy now, not perhaps willingly, but if Europe won't buy our goods we must perforce grow a lot of the produce we used to buy from Europe. But meantime enterprising individuals among our farmers have been adjusting their methods of production to world prices, aided by the work of a series of research stations whose investigations have been as helpful to practical men as they have been notable as examples of scientific thought.

Landing at Dover the boat trains no longer pass through the country that has earned for Kent its title of the garden of England. So take instead the train to Canterbury and thence to Maidstone; from Canterbury onwards you will be passing through a succession of fruit plantations and hop gardens maintained at a very high pitch of cultivation. The hop gardens are shrinking with the reduced demand for beer, but they are being replaced by fruit, for Kent has been the home of fruit-growing since Sir Richard Harris, King Henry VII's fruiterer, planted his garden at Teynham with the best varieties of apples and cherries "fetched out of Flanders." Near Maidstone at East Malling you can visit one of the two research stations devoted to fruit, and there see in progress the experiments that have done so much to put our commercial fruit-growing on a dependable basis. Perhaps the keynote of the station's work has been the effort to secure uniformity in the plantations by ensuring the purity of the varieties of small fruit and by the establishment of apples and plums upon true stocks selected for the type of plantation, whether dwarf trees or standards, etc. Should you want to go more deeply into the fruit questions the East Malling authorities will put you in touch with the neighbouring growers of cherries (a Kentish speciality) and apples, with the modern grading and packing stations where the fruit as picked is prepared for market, or again with the canning factories where fruit and vegetables are preserved—a recent development which is doing much to stabilise the market for the fruit and vegetable grower. From Kent you will naturally come to London, whence in less than an hour you can visit Rothamsted, the parent of agricultural research in Great Britain—indeed the oldest agricultural experiment station in the world. There you may see the famous plots of wheat which have been carried on for more than ninety years, of barley, hay and mangolds for little less. These plots established the principles of manuring for all time and all soils; nowadays they provide material for a range of questions connected with the nutrition of the plant and the part played by the soil. But the agricultural pilgrim will go to Rothamsted not only for its early associations but to learn something of the attack on the most profound problems of plant growth and of the soil's response to cultivation. From Rothamsted you should go on to Cambridge, the home of our largest school of agriculture and also of several research stations concerning plant breeding, animal nutrition and physiology, animal diseases, the breeding of poultry, and virus diseases of potatoes. It is at the plant breeding station that Sir Rowland Biffen produced his new wheats—the rust-resisting Little

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MATLOCK

Joss and Yeoman that combines the cropping power of the English wheats with a good measure of the "strength" characteristic of the Canadian and Hungarian wheats. But the work extends to most of the crops of the farm, and from June onward a visit to the experimental plots will reveal the long and elaborate technique that is required in the creation and selection of a new variety. Over the way the National Institute of Agricultural Botany illustrates a further stage in crop improvement—the searching trials that new varieties are put through in order to inform the farmer with some confidence of the value of the new introductions produced at home and abroad. Cambridge, too, is a good jumping-off place for Lincolnshire, where English large scale crop production may be seen at its best—potatoes, wheat, vegetables, fruit, and such special industries as the growth of daffodil and tulip bulbs. You should make for Kirton, a village near Boston; the agricultural institute there has itself much of interest to show, and will serve as an introduction to the growers round about.

Space does not allow of more than a bare mention of the other places of interest. A western tour, for example, might begin with the Dairy Institute at Reading, and from there a visit may be paid to Mr. Hosier, the pioneer of a revolutionary method of milk production in the open air on the lofty downs of Wiltshire, which otherwise were becoming hardly worth stocking even with sheep. You will continue to Bristol, close to which at Long Ashton is another fruit research station where also the investigation of cider has done much to standardise production. Still continuing westward, at Aberystwyth you will find a station devoted to the breeding of grasses and clovers, where it has been shown that the natural saving of grass seed almost inevitably causes a steady selection towards an undesirable type of grass that runs quickly up to seed instead of maintaining a continuous leafy growth. The Aberystwyth workers have isolated the better types and are growing them pure in bulk. I have omitted, perhaps, more than I have told you about, but if you want to extend your impressions make a wide cast and go up to Aberdeen. The Rowett Institute there is throwing much light on the obscure causes that have interfered with the breeding, rearing and nutrition of animals; also round about Aberdeen may be seen some of the finest breeds of cattle in Great Britain. And stock farming has long been the pride and mainstay of our farming. Your tour, short or long, will lead you into pleasant places and will convince you, I am sure, that our agriculture, however restricted, yet possesses remarkable elements of vitality and reconstruction.

A. Daniel Hall

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BRITISH GARDENS

By CHARLES H. CURTIS, F.L.S., V.M.H.

There are so many gardens in Britain that visitors will find their number embarrassing. In London there are Hyde Park and Regent's Park, and St. James's Park is particularly lovely, as its lake permits the planting of many kinds of moisture-loving plants whose flowers are reflected in the water.

In the three-hundred acres of beauty in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, which "isn't far from London," are gathered the floral wealth of the world, including the newest and rarest plants, discovered and sent home by intrepid collectors from China, Korea, Upper Burmah, the Andes of Peru, the highlands of Central Africa and the mountain ranges of New Zealand, for the purpose of providing British gardens with the most beautiful and interesting trees and shrubs, hardy perennials and alpine plants. Kew boasts a wonderful collection of trees and shrubs and an extensive, well-furnished rock garden.

A little farther out lie the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at Ripley, just hidden from the great Portsmouth Road by pine woods and a heather-covered common. It is here that all the newest varieties of garden flowers are tested in company with established favourites. Here, also, the National Sweet Pea and the National Dahlia Societies hold annual trials of their name flowers. These trials of new sorts are so extensive and valuable that raisers in all parts of the world send their varieties to be tested, and consider it worth while to travel thousands of miles to inspect the collections. Hampton Court may be visited when going to or coming from Windsor or Wisley. Here again are gardens of great beauty, and a herbaceous border that is famous, an ancient vine that bears big crops of black grapes year after year, yew trees, a pleached walk and pools of water lilies.

Every town and city in Britain has its public parks and gardens, and as some of these open spaces are old manorial estates, purchased and converted to public use, visitors will find there admirable examples of the art of landscape gardening. Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Southport, Swansea, Birmingham and Glasgow, among other places, have many public gardens, finely laid out for beauty and for sports. Students of botany, as well as of horticulture, should not miss the famous botanic gardens of Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin. And no one should miss the Fellows' Gardens of Oxford and Cambridge, which are most of them open to visitors in the summer.

There are gardens all up and down the land, and as the owners love to show others their treasures many are thrown open to the public on certain days. Usually a small charge is made for admission and the proceeds are devoted to charity. Intending visitors to Britain should, therefore, obtain from the tourist agencies, or direct from the Secretary, Queen's Institute of District Nursing, 58 Victoria Street, Westminster, the published list containing the names of such gardens and their owners, the times of opening and the county in which the gardens are situated. By following this list visitors would be able to visit British gardens almost every day for a period of about three months, and nowhere is the charge of admission more than one shilling.

To select half a dozen gardens particularly worth seeing—Blenheim, Woodstock, for its spaciousness, terracing and rock garden; Exbury, near Southampton, for its fine collection of hardy shrubs, particularly rhododendrons, and its orchids; Kings Walden Bury, Hitchin, for its coniferous and other trees; Burford Lodge, Dorking, for its collections of rare and interesting hardy plants; Eaton Hall, Chester, for roses, hardy flowers and fine trees; and Gatton Park, Reigate, for rare hardy plants, orchids and flower borders.

If all these do not satisfy there are the great seed-growing districts in Essex; the famous seedsmen's grounds at Reading, Slough and Raynes Park; the commercial flower-growing establishments at Uxbridge, Worthing, Lea Valley, Swanley and Wisbech; and the orchards of Kent, Herefordshire and Worcestershire. In short, a whole summer would not be long enough fully to explore half the horticultural attractions of our land.

NEW LIFE IN THE DISTRESSED AREAS

By S. P. B. MAIS

In Britain the areas that have been hardest hit by industrial depression are often only just round the corner from scenes of great loveliness. The stricken coal-mining valleys in South Wales lie under the shadow of majestic mountains, the almost derelict shipyards of the Clyde, the Mersey and the Tyne are all within a few miles of places of great historic interest and intrinsic beauty, the ironstone mines of East Yorkshire are at the foot of the Cleveland hills, and the ironstone mines of West Cumberland only a few miles away from Scafell.

The difference that a few miles makes in human misery and in ugly surroundings can only be appreciated by those who have taken the trouble to explore the distressed areas in person. The first thing that struck me about these areas was the number of men who stood irresolutely, apathetically at the street corners. Their shoulders drooped, their eyes wore a look (when I could get them to look up, which was rare) of complete despair. They obviously had insufficient nourishment. Their clothes were falling to pieces, and their boots were certainly not keeping out the rain. I have never seen a sadder sight than this of men in what ought to be the prime of life listlessly letting the hours slip by. Obviously the first essential was to shake them out of the stupor of this fatal sleepy sickness.

The way in which this was at first attempted was unwise. Rest-rooms were opened in old schools and other unwanted buildings where these men could sit down and, if they wished, play dominoes or draughts. Having been condemned to a compulsory rest for several years, to invite men to continue resting was scarcely the wisest plan to help them. And to offer a man a game of dominoes when he is eating his heart out wondering how he can possibly buy enough food to keep his wife and children alive and if he is ever likely to get any work again is about as helpful as throwing a straw to a drowning man. The only difference between the rest-rooms and the streets was that the rooms were warmer and bred influenza germs more rapidly. The men not unnaturally wore the same look of complete despair.

Then someone conceived the idea of having clubs where men should rest no longer, but occupy themselves in repairing their own and their wives' and children's boots and shoes, and in making and repairing furniture for their homes, where they could get good meals at a greatly reduced rate, and enjoy real companionship.

This scheme met with opposition from the National Unemployed Workers' Movement on the ground that it aimed at diverting the unemployed from their main object, which is to demand work or full maintenance. The members of this group regarded the scheme as a subtle plot on the part of the Government to keep the unemployed quiet.

The answer to this is, I think, first that the club makes no attempt to divert its members from demanding any political change. It simply is not concerned with politics. Secondly, it can scarcely be a plot on the part of the Government, because these clubs are springing up everywhere as the result of a general demand for them as soon as people realise what they mean; and thirdly, so far from keeping men quiet they definitely rouse them from a quietude which is almost indistinguishable from death. I have seen men reduced to such a state of mental and physical lassitude through long unemployment and malnutrition that nobody could rouse them to anything. If you want a revolution you've got to have some food in the stomachs of the revolutionaries.

The scheme was also viewed with a certain amount of suspicion by a few Trade Unionists who, misinterpreting their function, feared lest it would lead to unskilled men being partly trained and sent out as carpenters, bricklayers and boot-repairers to undercut the skilled men. The object of the clubs is simply to give men the chance to do things for themselves.

They have no longer the money to buy furniture for their homes or to repair what is broken. On the other hand, they have the time to do it themselves and in the club they learn how to do this. They are not competing against anybody else, because if they were not doing these things these things would never be done. The club provides them with the best shoe leather at the lowest possible rate, a skilled boot-repairer gives them a tip or two, and they and their families are thus enabled to travel dry-shod instead of out-of-heel and toe or barefoot.

The general principle of the clubs is extremely simple. For generations industrial workers have fought for more leisure. In their fight to get it they forgot to make any plans for using it. They have now got far more leisure than they bargained for, and instead of turning this priceless asset to advantage they have allowed it to be frittered away.

The club principle is to encourage the man to express himself by some creative effort, to restore in him pride of craftsmanship and to make him realise that even if conditions make it impossible at the moment for his unemployment benefit to be

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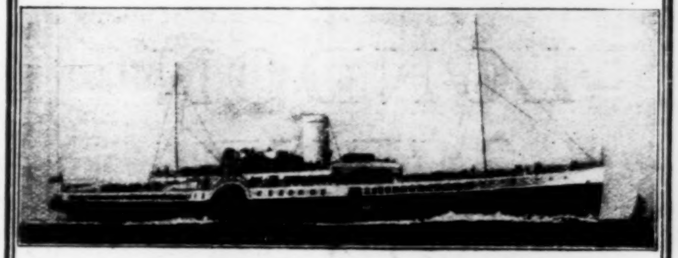

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Before these clubs were properly going we used to hear the taunt: "Of what use is it to give a man physical jerks when he is half fainting for want of food and his wife is sitting at home hopeless before an empty grate?" To-day the answer is that if the club members choose to keep their bodies fit by physical training they do so on a fairly full stomach and their wives are no longer hopeless or fearful lest their husbands should throw themselves into rivers.

The suggestion that all this physical training is a plot to turn the unemployed into a standing army can best be countered by pointing out that many of these clubs are under the aegis of the Quakers. The ground seems at last to have been cleared. It is fairly generally realised that purely recreational clubs are a mere waste of time, and that the occupational club contains the germ of an idea which may well result in the foundation of a permanent Working Man's University. Any attempt to standardise these clubs or to bring them under one organisation should be resisted. Their health depends upon their freedom. Each should go experimenting along its own lines and profit from its own and other clubs' mistakes.

Success for the movement will come from the foundation of an infinite number of small units all working independently. Lincoln's great success is due to the fact that in the People's Service Club the members give their services to institutions and organisations that would have to close down were it not for the work done on their behalf free by the unemployed, who have furnished and looked after the Nursery School, made furniture for a Girls' Home and constructed toys for the children in the Home for Mental Defectives. The North Kensington scheme is successful because they have hit on the happy idea of having the Nursery School, Men's Occupational Club and Women's Club all under one roof, so that the infants can have their play centre almost under the eyes of their parents, and certainly within hearing of their fathers' hammers and their mothers' songs.

These clubs whether as ambitious as the North Kensington Community Centre, which is to provide occupation and recreation for almost all ages from the cradle to the grave, or as modest as those which aim solely for the moment in providing the unemployed man with the chance to occupy his leisure creatively are, I think, the beginning of a great new movement which will only increase in vigour and usefulness as the years pass.

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THE REVIVAL OF THE VILLAGE

By LAURANCE RAMSBOTTOM

Many years ago in an English village I asked a countryman the best way to a well-known hill-top. "Look at it," he said, "and now follow thy nose!" There was a subtle directness about the instruction that is typical of English rural life. But alas! for several generations since the industrial revolution England has neglected its rural life and has been losing much of its character.

Happily, recent years have produced a rapid change led by the Women's Institute movement, aided by schools and teachers of a better type in the countryside, and by Rural Community Councils. The villager has learned that he is no longer dependent upon the nearest town for his social life. He has developed a programme of activities of his own, and because he has not become a creature dependent upon mechanisation in nearly all that he does, he is developing a character in his work that is natural and a joy to behold.

The pouring in of knowledge appeals to him very little; his true education is found in a drawing out of all his natural gifts in creative enterprise. At first his work is crude perhaps, but as he learns that the experience of experts in every calling is at his service in design and in method, he forges ahead with untiring enthusiasm. Arts and crafts make a special appeal to him. He loves to make beautiful things for his own home, with the result that the antiquated furniture that served his grandmother is giving place to simple, modern pieces fashioned by himself, and his home is further brightened with rugs of good colour and design woven or made up by his women folk.

In music he finds joy in making his own instrument in the shape of pipes cut, carved, and played by himself; in drama he is rivalling his town neighbours by a naturalness and perfection of production, not merely of simple sketches but of full-length ancient and modern plays. He and his fellows make all the costumes and scenery, and in several villages plays, too, of good standard are being written by local folk.

In Derbyshire, for example, there are now more than seventy such village drama groups. Leicestershire possesses a similar number, and recently one village in Leicestershire challenged Derbyshire to a friendly competition wherein all plays are to be *written* and produced entirely by the villagers. In a Derbyshire village recently *Clive of India* was produced successfully for six nights "for the first time on any stage." The same village plans for next winter the production of a trial scene in which the Little Theatre (a large army-type hut) will be turned into a court with the audience ranged around as spectators as in any ordinary court of justice. L. du Garde Peach's *Path of Glory* (the successful wireless play) is to be adapted for the stage and produced as a valuable piece of international propaganda; later *East Lynne* is contemplated, and to provide atmosphere, every member of the audience is to be given an orange on admission!

Every village strives to secure its village hall, which serves as little theatre, lecture room, and community workshop, and even in the structure of these places attention is given to design so that the building may fit the surroundings. Each village is encouraged to develop its own characteristic programme, so that no two can be found alike. "Pride of village" is the only common possession and it is being worked out in most ingenious ways. It is all in its infancy, but it gives promise of something particularly valuable in English character.

THE DEVELOPMENT MOVEMENT

By L. A. de L. MEREDITH, C.M.G., O.B.E.

General Manager of the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland

EVEN before the full impact of the world crisis had been felt in our older industrial areas, it had been realised that, since our staple industries were unlikely to regain their former world predominance, an effort was necessary to secure new industries for them, and local development committees were set up. The Board of Trade of course took a deep interest in the problem, and early in 1931 invited the University of Manchester, the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire and Armstrong College to conduct industrial surveys of their respective areas, such surveys to include reference to the prospects of early expansion and new developments and an assessment of the prospective employment capacity of the various industries in the area. The issue of these reports coincided with the departure of this country from the gold standard and the change in the tariff policy of the Government.

The next step was the realisation in Lancashire that a development council working for a whole economic area would be far more effective than a number of small councils set up by individual towns competing with each other. The formation of the Lancashire Industrial Development Council was followed some months later by similar councils for South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cheshire, Whitehaven and District and East Denbighshire, while a council is in process of formation in the North Eastern area to include the existing Tyne, Tees and North Yorkshire Councils. A Scottish National Development Council has also been formed. The ideas underlying the movement have also been put into practice in many other industrial cities and towns such as Basingstoke, Birmingham, Coventry, Erith, Leicester, Sheffield and Stroud, but co-operation with other towns in their respective neighbourhoods has not yet been achieved.

Meantime, the Travel Association had since 1929 been carrying out national publicity abroad, mainly with the object of bringing more foreign visitors to this country, because it had been obvious that the economy and the increased efficiency of centralisation and combination as opposed to competitive individual efforts, which had been recognised when the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Port of London Authority had been formed, applied with equal force to the business of national publicity.

The new development councils required, on the one hand, some method of obtaining the necessary finances to work them, and, on the other hand, some machinery by which they could carry out economically and efficiently publicity overseas—a matter which had become of greater importance since the departure of this country from the gold standard and the change in the tariff policy of the Government. Since the machinery of national publicity—publications, wireless, exhibitions, films, photographs, etc.—is the same whether a health resort or an industrial area is being advertised, it was obvious that considerable economy would be possible if the development councils were to take advantage of the Local Authorities (Publicity) Act to make use of the services of the Travel Association. Accordingly, after discussions with the development councils and with the approval of the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Health, the Association changed its name to the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

The result has been of twofold benefit to the development movement. The various development councils, in touch with their own industries and problems and possessing complete autonomy within their own areas, are now equipped with (1) a clearing house where common problems are discussed and a common policy evolved; (2) a central organisation to which foreign industrialists can apply for preliminary information; (3) an instrument of national publicity which can create abroad the right background to specialised advertising, for which the services and experience of the Association are at their disposal.

A final advantage of this unification of the development movement is the assurance that new industries will be directed where possible to those areas which urgently need them instead of being persuaded by haphazard and irresponsible advertising to set up in undeveloped areas where they are not required.

SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVALS

By W. J. TURNER

SLOWLY the musicians of England are awaking from their slumbers, and the time may yet come when visitors not only from the Colonies, the Dominions, the Irish Free State and India, but from all parts of the world will be attracted to summer festivals of music in different parts of England. A beginning has already been made, and this summer, for example, visitors to what was once mis-called "the land without music" will find a good deal of interesting music is being given between now and September—which used to be a period of the year completely barren of all musical activity.

In the first place there is the Haslemere Festival of Chamber

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Music, which is under the direction of Arnold Dolmetsch, and lasts from July 17th to July 29th, exactly two weeks excepting Sundays. This festival is held in the Haslemere Hall of Haslemere, one of the prettiest towns in Surrey, amid delightful country, and has been held annually for some years now with ever increasing success. The music played is confined to Bach, Handel, and their predecessors. A feature of this festival is that instruments are used of a kind similar to those for which the music was originally composed. They are either old instruments or new ones made under Mr. Dolmetsch's supervision after the style of the old instruments. These are played by Mr. Dolmetsch, his family and pupils, and one has an opportunity of hearing music at these concerts that one cannot hear anywhere else in England. For example, the instruments to be used at the forthcoming festival are the lute, the cithern, the complete family of viols, the mediaeval harp, the harpsichord, the clavichord, the virginal (or spinet), and the complete family of recorders. The music to be played includes French music of the thirteenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and early English, Spanish and Italian music. The concerts are always in the evening at 8 o'clock, except on Wednesdays when they are given at 3 o'clock.

During the past few years a music festival has become established at Canterbury which takes place generally in June. For some reason or other the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, or those responsible for the management of this festival are vowed to absolute secrecy. No hint of what is perhaps considered as a mere attack of insomnia in a cathedral town is allowed to reach me and other musical critics. From a brief and guarded notice in the *Times* a day or two ago I gathered that the whole Festival at Canterbury is now over, and I regret that I cannot enumerate in detail *what* is over, but I gather that both musical and dramatic performances were given, but whether an audience was permitted to enjoy them I do not know. If visitors are welcome to this festival, then I suggest that it would help to attract them if a preliminary programme and the usual advance notices were sent to me and those of my colleagues on the Press who may be interested by the organisers of this festival. I would also suggest that the festival should not be given too early in the summer, not, for example, until the close of the opera season at Covent Garden.

There was a time when a profound slumber fell upon the University towns of Oxford and Cambridge every summer. I am all in favour of long periods of complete quiescence for active minds and bodies. But one must exempt English musicians from such an annual vacation since they have not earned the right to it during the past hundred years. The almost complete absence of any valuable musical activity during the autumn, the winter, and the spring, at either Oxford or Cambridge, except within the minds of the Professors of Music who are kept extremely busy at their diverse activities—Professor Sir Hugh Allen at the Royal College of Music, London, and Professor Edward J. Dent on his Life of Busoni and at the International Society for Contemporary Music (now functioning at Amsterdam)—makes it polite for us to ask why it is not possible for Cambridge or Oxford to organise a summer music festival on the lines of the Salzburg Festival held in Austria every August?

In the meantime there is a ghost of a festival to be held this year at Cambridge from July 30th to August 3rd, when five concerts of English music will be given, including Mediaeval, Tudor, Elizabethan and Restoration composers. These concerts will be given in the grounds or buildings of King's College, Jesus College, St. John's College, and Trinity College. On the night of August 2nd there will be an historical pageant of English music given by torchlight in The Backs of St. John's College, and on the night of July 30th madrigals and folksongs will be sung by the University Madrigal Society on the river Cam at King's College bridge. This is at least a beginning of a summer music festival, and it has my hearty good wishes. Musically Cambridge has for many years now shown itself more enterprising than Oxford, but it could do, and will have to do, a great deal more before it gains a reputation in music worthy of its great name as a university. As for Oxford—well, when one thinks that to every foreigner throughout the world the name of Oxford is more renowned than that of any other university since history began one realises that it is impossible for Oxford to live up to its name in its musical activities. Still it might try to do something a little more in keeping with its world renown. To my mind there is about as much music in Oxford as in the Dodo's egg.

And now I think we have come to the end of what an English summer offers in the way of music to visitors and to our own people. Sir Barry Jackson has established a summer dramatic festival at Malvern, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has a dramatic festival at Stratford-on-Avon every summer under its permanent director, Mr. Bridges Adams. If either Sir Barry Jackson or Mr. Bridges Adams would invite me to arrange a summer music festival at Malvern or at Stratford-on-Avon I guarantee that given the necessary support we could in two or three years have established a music festival that would eclipse everything of the kind we have ever had in England, and rival the best of the foreign festivals and attract thousands of visitors from America and abroad. It is in the country and not in London that we need more musical organisation. Thanks to the B.B.C. music in London is saved. We can count upon having good popular concerts at the August-October, and the Christmas "Promenades"; we can rely upon regular symphony concerts with a first-class orchestra and the best available conductors throughout the winter. Music with the B.B.C., while it is under the control of a true musician such as Dr. Adrian Boult, is not a business enterprise devoted to producing the cheapest possible rubbish in the largest possible quantity to sell at the dearest possible price, but an artistic enterprise devoted to the aid of good music and good musicians. We now want similar enterprises in the provinces. Who will give them to us?

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THE LITTLE THEATRES

THE Little Theatre movement is progressing in England; there are a number of professional repertory theatres, and many more amateur societies—information about these can be obtained from Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, of the British Drama League. Of the professional repertory theatres there are fourteen connected with the Association of Repertory Theatres, and a few—notably the Festival Theatre, Cambridge—independent of that body. It is generally agreed that the touring system is breaking down, and for this reason the repertory theatres are becoming important: in some towns the Little Theatre gives the only chance of seeing "straight" drama as opposed to musical comedies and revues. There also exist a number of theatres working with stock companies, but not quite on repertory lines.

The conditions demanded by the Association of Repertory Theatres are as follows:

(*a*) The theatre must be established on a permanent basis, working with a stock company (not running occasional repertory seasons).

(*b*) It must be entirely professional—that is, all the actors must be professional and be paid salaries—though no objection is raised to the occasional engagement of local amateurs for very small parts, or "walking-on," when it is necessary to increase the numbers.

(*c*) The theatre must be run in the interests of the drama, and not for profit.

(*d*) The plays presented must be of a good type. In practice the lists of plays given at the various theatres differ very greatly. Much depends on local conditions. All of the theatres have to present a number of popular comedies that the managements would omit if they were able to do as they like; but, while having no wish to make profits, they have to try to cover actual running expenses, and popular comedies still attract the largest audiences—even in repertory theatres. (The Festival, Cambridge, is an exception; it is the most boldly experimental of the repertory theatres, and its plays are consistently of a high standard.) Old-established theatres, like Liverpool and Birmingham, having a large public to draw upon, and more recent movements in the vicinity of London—the Embassy, and Croydon—are able to produce a larger number of first-class plays than are the repertory theatres in the smaller towns. But in every case efforts are made to keep the standard as high as local conditions permit.

The oldest of the English repertory theatres—still working—is the Playhouse, Liverpool, established in 1912 (one year later than the now defunct Gaiety Theatre, Manchester), and Birmingham was opened in the following year. Since the war others have sprung up in various parts of the country, the most recent being the Croydon Repertory Theatre, opened last September. Several other towns are hoping to have their own theatres in the near future, and a great deal of work is being done in the pushing forward of the repertory movement, in which, probably, lies the hope of the English theatre.

The Association of Repertory Theatres began with an informal meeting of half a dozen repertory theatre directors, at Sir Barry Jackson's London office, on June 13th, 1928. It now consists of fourteen theatres, whose representatives meet quarterly to discuss the movement, and to pool information and experience. Here is a list of the theatres, with the names of the executive officers:

Birmingham Repertory Theatre, Station Street, Birmingham.—**Emile Littler, Manager.**
Bristol's Little Theatre, Bristol.—A. E. Stanley Hill, Director.
The Opera House, Coventry.—Redvers Leech, Secretary.
The Croydon Repertory Theatre, Wellesley Road, Croydon.—J. Baxter Somerville, Hon. Secretary.
The Repertory Theatre, 15 Kingston Square, Hull.—Geo. W. H. **Bean, Secretary.**
The Masque Theatre, 17 Cornwall Street, Edinburgh.—Robert S. Cochran, Director.
The Playhouse, Williamson Square, Liverpool.—Wm. Armstrong, Director.
The Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.—Ronald **Adams,** Director.
The Rusholme Theatre, Wilmslow Road, Manchester.—Sydney Young, Director.
The Playhouse, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Alan Thompson, **Chairman.**
Northampton Repertory Theatre, Guildhall Road, Northampton.—Peppino Santangelo, Manager.
The Repertory Theatre, Plymouth.—Bernard Copping, Director.
The Castle Theatre, Rochester.—Robert Roberts, Director.
Sheffield Repertory Theatre, Townhead Street, Sheffield.—Neil **Porter, Director.**

Among isolated ventures, the most interesting are the Drama Schools, arranged by the British Drama League, with the object of giving instruction and experience to amateurs. Lectures and rehearsals, followed by a public performance, will be given this summer at Shrewsbury, where a Holiday Drama School is being held from Thursday, July 27th to Saturday, August 5th. The fees are small. A leaflet and application form can be had from the British Drama League.

An actual repertory theatre of an unusual kind is run by the Mary Ward Settlement (Tavistock Place, W.C.1), the company being composed entirely of men and women who work at their own jobs during the day. Between June and December, this theatre produces a different play each week for two nights. The standard of acting is high, and during the present season plays by Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg, Sierra, Capek and Goldoni have been given. All seats for these performances cost one shilling. As a set-off to the movies and the standardised products of so many West End shows, enterprises of this kind, which a few years ago could not have existed at all, will be welcomed by all those who have a true love of the theatre.

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COMPANY MEETING

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

AGAIN BRITISH CONTROLLED

6½ MILLION INCREASE IN CUSTOMERS

977 BRANCHES

RECORD NUMBER OF PRESCRIPTIONS

The forty-fifth annual general ordinary meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., was held at Station Street, Nottingham, on June 8, 1933, the Right Honourable Lord Trent, chairman of the directors, presiding over a large attendance of shareholders.

The chairman said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—As is our usual practice, I assume we may take the accounts as read.

Turning to the balance sheet, you will see that freehold properties are up by £111,085. This is accounted for by expenditure on our manufacturing laboratories at Beeston. Plant and fittings have increased by £84,739 for the same reason. I will refer to the Beeston plant again later.

Stock in trade shows an increase of £10,519.

The amounts owing by subsidiary companies have decreased by £97,735.

On the other side of the balance sheet, sundry creditors, provision for income tax and contingencies, show a decrease of £10,417.

We have again transferred £30,000 to the general staff pension fund. This fund, with accrued interest, now amounts to a total of £354,973 10s. 9d.

Out of the works development fund the following amounts have now been transferred to meet writings off, consequent upon the concentration at Beeston:—

Freehold and leasehold properties, £76,897; fixtures and plant, £14,681—£91,578. A credit has been carried to profit and loss account for abnormal expenditure, due to the same cause, of £35,642; provision for leasehold dilapidations, £2,000—£129,220. Leaving in hand, as shown by the balance sheet, £10,779.

You may remember that last year I said that the directors felt that the £100,000 which we then put to this fund should cover all charges. You will see from the above figures that there is left a balance of £10,779 in this fund, and we have now completed the first block of buildings in a very carefully considered scheme of development. This scheme does not require to be carried through as a whole in a continuous building operation lasting over several years, but as and when the business grows and requires more accommodation, other units can be added, so that when we have two more blocks of buildings we shall have a complete scheme, which will give us the maximum of economy of production. As these units are built, more buildings here in Nottingham will be vacated.

You all know the uncertain state of values at the present time, and it is impossible for anybody to foresee what the value of our buildings may be in a few years' time, and, therefore, your directors recommend as a prudent thing to do that we set aside a further £100,000 to cover possible future contingencies of this nature.

I wish again to emphasise the fact that, while we are not committed to any grandiose building scheme, it is vital for this business to continue to grow, and as the shops develop, more accommodation will have to be found for manufacturing.

We have, therefore, a carefully prepared plan for dealing with the necessary expansion, and as the plan is carried out stage by stage we shall secure steadily increasing economies.

You will notice that I have just referred to our new factory at Beeston as a unit, but possibly that may convey a wrong impression to some shareholders of the size and importance of the new buildings.

Without doubt they are the finest block of buildings for their purpose in this country to-day, and all the business people who have seen them have expressed their admiration for the way the buildings have been laid out. If any shareholder wishes to see over this really wonderful factory, and will communicate with Mr. Sugden, our secretary, he will be only too pleased to arrange a visit. In these difficult days, I'm sure that nobody could fail to find inspiration and interest in such a visit.

Turning now to the profit and loss account, you will notice that the net balance, after charging repairs and renewals and the other items to which I have just referred, amounts to £701,453, or a decrease of £30,437 on the previous year. When you consider the national unemployment figures, with the cuts in so many salaries and wages, and realise the great effect these have on the purchasing power of the great bulk of our customers, I think you will consider the results satisfactory.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends, and of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares, we have a balance from the year's profits of £244,703, which together with the balance from last year amounts to £465,186.

Your directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 1s. per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary shares, absorbing £75,000, which is the same as last year.

They also recommend a transfer to the reserve fund of £100,000, which will then stand at £1,500,000, and a transfer to the Works Development Fund of £100,000, leaving £190,186 to be carried forward to next year.

AGAIN BRITISH CONTROLLED

A matter which has naturally caused a great deal of concern to the staff has been the publicity rumours about the change in the ownership of the company.

The directors wish to thank all employees for their loyalty and the confidence they have shown during this very trying time. Although the actual sale did not take place during the financial year which we are now reviewing, it is so important to the company that I make no apology for referring to it to-day. We are now in the happy position of being again a British-controlled company. I think it is only fair to say that, during the time this business was controlled by American interests, they never attempted to interfere with the management in any way, and always welcomed any suggestion made by the directors which was for the good of the business as a whole. I am pleased to say that Mr. Gales will come up later on in this meeting for re-election as a director, and glad to think that we shall keep up our connection in this way.

The shares are being widely distributed throughout the country, and if the new shareholders will realise that it is up to them to support their own company when making any purchases of articles which can be obtained in our shops, it should materially help the business. Here, perhaps, I may mention that your directors welcome suggestions from customers which will enable them to give a better service to the public.

SOUND POLICY

In the chairman's speech in 1929 I said: "Our aim is to build a well-established, sound business, and not to show figures merely to influence the market price of our shares."

That our policy has proved a sound one from the shareholders' point of view, is proved by the following figures.

Since 1929 our depreciation funds have increased by £157,143, our total reserves by £600,000, and our fixed assets by £951,560. Our employees, too, are sharing in the companies' prosperity. During these four years there has actually been a clear increase in staff; they have all been working on full time and our provision for staff pension fund has increased by £164,552. During that period we have paid a steady dividend of 24 per cent. and a bonus of 1s., which is still paid tax free, despite the increase in income tax.

Those figures should give us confidence for the future, and as long as I am connected with this company, we shall continue our aim of building a well-established, sound business.

The other main event of the year has been the transfer of many manufacturing departments from the old works at Island Street to the new plant at Beeston, and although this coincided with the coming into force of the new Pharmacopœia, which changed the formula of a number of medicines, thus making it necessary for us to carry duplicate stocks, the change over was carried through satisfactorily by means of the untiring efforts of all concerned, and they deserve the greatest credit for the way it was done.

In connection with the issue of the new British Pharmacopœia, shareholders will be gratified to hear that several members of our scientific and technical staff served upon the various advisory committees of the Pharmacopœia Commission.

During the year, our staff of analysts, research chemists, pharmacologists and bacteriologists have frequently co-operated with scientific workers in hospitals and other centres of medical research in developing new methods of attacking disease. We realise that our organisation must expect to have increasing claims made upon it for assistance of this kind, and we are prepared to play our part wherever and whenever it is possible to do so.

During the past year we have opened thirty-seven new branches, closed five and transferred several others. On March 31 we had a total of 977 branches. Amongst the new shops is one in Bournemouth, which is one of the finest chemist's shops on the South Coast.

The movement of shopping centres is a factor which requires constant watching in retail trade, for if you are to maintain your business, you must have sufficient funds to be able to open shops in the best trading positions as opportunity offers. The new housing schemes which are being developed in many parts of the country naturally lead to a demand for such services as are given by our shops. The effect which these new shopping centres have on already

(*Continued on page 830*)

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements this summer. Particulars and quotations from Advt. Manager, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

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The Late Christopher Bean.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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Conferences, Summer Schools, &c.

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The 27th Annual Session of the Fabian Society's Summer School will be held this year from Saturday, July 29th to Saturday, August 26th inclusive, at Frensham Heights, Rowledge, Nr. Farnham, Surrey. There are still vacancies for visitors in each of the four weeks, and non-members of the Society are cordially welcomed. Programme and full particulars will be sent free on application to the SECRETARY, Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

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Speakers: Barbara Wootton on "The Conditions of Successful Economic Planning"; A. Vollance, Associate Editor of *The Economist*, on "The World Economic Conference." OPEN FORUM on F.P.S.I. Economic Policy. Programme of social events. Conf. fee: 21*s.* per person. Send booking fee of 5*s.* per person to SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 21 St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1. (Tel.: Whitehall 2408.)

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COMPANY MEETING

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

(*continued*).

existing shopping centres has to be carefully watched, and is a matter which receives the constant attention of the Estate Department. This means that it is as necessary for retail companies to have sufficient reserves and cash resources to enable them to keep their shops up-to-date as it is for a manufacturing company to be able to keep its plant up-to-date.

The companies which we control have been able to do this, thanks to the policy which we have consistently pursued of leaving in them each year sufficient profits, by way of reserve, to cover contingencies of this nature.

The sales in the retail companies, whilst not quite as much in volume as the previous year, when we had a sale which more than accounts for the difference, were helped by the influenza epidemic which occurred in the spring. This made the number of prescriptions dispensed during the year easily a record one.

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS OF UNEMPLOYMENT

Last year we had over 6½ million more sale transactions, or customers as we call them, than we had a year ago, but the average sale has been smaller. Inevitably this has meant a great deal more work and necessitated the closest supervision over all expenses.

But the vital thing for the retail trade and ultimately for all trade is the spending power of the public, and whilst realising the need for rigid economy in unnecessary things, it is obvious that the country cannot go on being taxed on the present scale, and that the present payments to the unemployed do not leave any margin to be spent on anything save bare necessities.

It is equally obvious that you cannot have millions of people permanently without work. No man of commonsense will believe that it is practical politics to pay men for doing nothing, but not practical, by co-operating with industry, to pay them for normal work.

There have been many schemes for dealing with unemployment of which Mr. Ernest Bevin's is the latest. We have not sufficient data to know to what extent a shorter working week would be generally practicable, and you must have facts to go upon before instituting a compulsory scheme, but there is no reason on earth why it should not be tested. Why should not the Government go to employers and say, "If you are willing to experiment, possibly not all over the works, but only in certain departments, on these lines, we will pay you a substantial percentage, say, two-thirds, of the unemployment pay for every extra hand you engage for a definite period of nine months, or a year, in order to work shifts, to see whether or not you can so increase your output that, although your workpeople are working shorter hours for the same wage, you are lowering your costs and able to sell more."

It is ridiculous to say that the Government could not establish adequate safeguards to prevent such an experimental scheme from being exploited in the interests of individual employers.

It seems to me that it is just as much in the interests of all the political parties as of the Government to obtain this data, as sooner or later, 2½ million unemployed will bring any Government down.

"COMPULSORY MONTH'S HOLIDAY, BUT SHOPPING HOURS MAINTAINED"

I should like to make another practical suggestion with reference to retail businesses only. More people are engaged in retailing in this country than in any other single occupation, and, moreover, there is no question of foreign competition where retailing is concerned.

It is impracticable to reduce the hours worked in shops without seriously curtailing the opportunities for shopping which the public require. My suggestion, therefore, is this: "A compulsory month's holiday every year with pay for all employees engaged in retail trade." It would have to be enacted by law, since it would be impossible for a retailer to act on his own because his extra costs would be prohibitive. As far as one can judge, this should provide the equivalent of a year's work for approximately 100,000 additional people in the retail trade throughout the country.

Retail prices might have to be slightly increased to cover the extra expense, but the public have not been seriously disturbed in recent years by much wider fluctuations than this scheme would involve. Moreover, in the long run, prices would readjust themselves, because the existence of more people with money to spend and time in which to spend it would increase sales, and thereby reduce overheads.

Special provision would no doubt have to be made for the smaller retailer, but I am confident that if the Government gave the lead that we have a right to expect of it it would find many progressive employers ready and willing to co-operate in such schemes as this to reduce unemployment and increase purchasing power.

Some shareholders may ask what has this to do with our company. The reason I mention these matters to-day is because it is not possible generally—there are, of course, a few exceptions— for business to be prosperous and growing as long as we have this vast number of unemployed.

Great hopes are centred on the coming conference for the betterment of world trade. There are many external conditions which we cannot control without the co-operation of other nations, but there is still much that can be done to improve our internal trade by a bolder attack on the twin problems of spending power and employment.

I said earlier on that our figures should give us confidence for the future, and without making any prophecy, I can say that if a material fall in unemployment can be brought about, either by the means I have suggested or in any other reasonable manner, which would lead both to a decrease in taxation and also to an increase in the spending power of the public, we should view the future with optimism.

From enquiries I have made in other businesses and from the figures of our own widely spread business, it is evident that there is a definite improvement over twelve months ago.

This is not reflected at the moment in greatly improved figures, but there are more enquiries for work to be done, in a number of cases wholesale prices are hardening, there appears to be a progressive decline in unemployment figures, and there is a distinctly better feeling in the air. But this is no excuse for sitting still and waiting for things to right themselves.

The Government made an excellent start by its handling of the national finances. Now is the time for a further step forward by an active move to increase the spending power of the public. If this can be done I am certain there is a great future before this country, and your company is in a position to take its part in that future.

I now have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

This motion was seconded by Mr. J. E. Greenwood, and was carried unanimously.

Mr. J. W. Hind proposed and Colonel Braithwaite seconded that the directors retiring by rotation, Lord Trent, Mr. W. C. Church, Mr. G. M. Gales, Dr. F. L. Pyman, be re-elected. This was carried unanimously.

On the proposition of Mr. T. S. Ratcliffe, seconded by Mr. P. Sparkes, the auditors, Messrs. Sharp Parsons and Co., were re-elected.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was passed by Sir Harry Peat and seconded by Mr. G. C. Bond. Sir A. Blake endorsed their remarks.

A special vote of thanks to the staff, proposed by Lord Trent and seconded by Mr. W. C. Church, terminated the meeting.

I APPEAL

to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service — the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.

Edward P

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